The BLOODY VENDETTA

EMBRACING THE EARLY HISTORY OF
WILLIAMSON COUNTY
ILLINOIS

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HISTORY

OF

WILLIAMSON COUNTY

ILLINOIS

From the Earliest Times, Down to the Present,

1876

With An Accurate Account of the Secession Movement, Ordinances, Raids, Etc., Also, a Complete History of Its "Bloody Vendetta," Including All Its Recondite Causes, Results, Etc., Etc.,

—BY—

MILO ERWIN

Attorney at Law

"Mine be the friend, less frequent in his prayers,
Who makes no bustle with his soul's affairs,
Whose wit can brighten up a wintry day,
And chase the splenetic dull hours away."

MARION, ILLINOIS
1876

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THE HERRIN NEWS
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TO

WILLIAM WALLACE CLEMENS

MY FRIEND,

BECAUSE THE FRIEND OF MY COUNTRY

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

AS A SLIGHT MEMENTO OF THE EVER-INCREASING

REGARD I HAVE FOR HIS PUBLIC SPIRIT

PRIVATE VIRTUES, AND SOLID

LEGAL ATTAINMENTS

THE AUTHOR.

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION.

"Not to know what happened before we were born is to remain always a child; for what were the life of man did we not combine present events with the recollections of past ages?" This, said Cicero many ages ago. No community is without a history, and, few, it will be agreed by those of you fortunate enough to peruse the following pages, have to offer such an interesting history as this one written now nearly forty years ago of Williamson county. Its author, Milo Erwin, was, in his time, one of the county's most eminent lawyers. Many stories are told about the excitement the publication of this book caused. It is now republished for the first time, and with no other intention whatsoever than to enlighten the present generation of the turbulent period through which this community has passed. In behalf of the well known families connected with the terrible Vendetta which is here related it should be said that they are now among the best families in the community and some of the persons named are counted at present, good citizens who have lived down all odium that once attached to their names. The fact that there has in recent years been a great demand for copies of this rare work of which now probably less than half a dozen copies are in existence has led us to republish it. Without claiming any credit whatever except that of preserving in a new edition this valuable portion of our county's interesting history, we have here reproduced the book practically word for word just as its author wrote it, even following as far as practical the general make up and style of typography.

It is a piece of writing well done and as Charles Dickens would say, "our unhallowed hands shall not disturb it."

HAL W. TROVILLION,
EDITOR OF THE HERRIN NEWS,
Herrin, Illinois.

December 1st, 1914.

Prefatory Address to the Young Men of Williamson County

GENTLEMEN:

I have now written you a history of your own county, to show you the advantages of civilization, and to give you contentment. It is a "home-spun" book written by a "home-spun" author.

The state of society which I have depicted is fast fading from the memory of men, and will soon live only in history. You come upon the scenes of life at an eventful and glorious age of the world, when the opportunities for individual progress are so hopeful. We are the citizens of a common country, and share an undivided interest in her weal or woe; and it may be well for us to look back to the past, on the bright side of misfortune; but we must trust to the future,

"Though gloomy and cheerless,
Prowls the dark past like a ghost at our back."

We have lived in the shadow of the gray hairs of our fathers. They have battled long and well to give us a country to live in, and we are the rich inheritors of all the glorious results of their self-denial and patriotic devotion. Let us prove ourselves worthy of the high destiny for which they offered themselves a sacrifice to common dangers and privations, by living honorable lives, and showing to the world that with affection we cherish their acts and hallow their memories.

They have lived to see the forest converted into farms, and have nobly done their part, settling the country and serving it in military and civil capacities. They have left us a great country, and now the duty of defense and preser-

vation rests on us. As a slight repayment for the liberty we enjoy, let us ever stand ready to bear arms in defense of this grand country, in which we have the happiness to live, against external and internal foes.

The hope of the country is in its young men; and the hope of the young men is in the strength of their integrity. Live temperately, deal justly, and respond in every act to the demands of conscience, and you will have an even chance in the human race for worldly prosperity and recognition.

You owe the duty of education and moral culture to yourselves; to your neighbors fair dealing and generosity. Our best friends are at home, those who would do most for us. They dwell by our sides, and if they are our best friends we should be theirs; and if we are we should show it, for in this lies the power of friendship to bless or curse us. These cords of friendship should be treated delicately, and never be broken by fretful, surly and hateful means. Let it be your constant object to strengthen, build up and improve home folks, for this is the source of our sweetest pleasures and best life. Into this fountain let no bitter dregs of poison drop. Keep it clear and pure. The miseries of broken friendships plead with you to preserve a high respect for your neighbors at all price. Be true to them if you are false to all else on earth beside. In this view the growth of our country becomes sublime and of surpassing interest.

While other countries have their traditions to excite them to patriotism, we have the inspiration coming from the names of illustrious men to summon us to great trials and duties.

There is no reason why a community of as intelligent, honest and industrious a people as ours, should not live in peace and plenty. We must learn to denounce crime and punish criminals, and not stand ready to applaud them. Our criminals must lay down their arms, for there never can be peace as long as they sleep on them. The law must be enforced; without this, life will be unsafe and property invaded. Young men, help build up a healthy public sentiment against crime.

I retain as much affection for my mother country as a

common origin inspires; yet I feel a painful revulsion when making a comparison between this county and some others in this state. And I appeal to you by every bond that will bind a good man to his social duty, by every consideration that will awaken a love of county or stir your pride of race, to live true to the highest, purest and most lasting interest of your county.

In writing this book I proposed to myself, as a maxim, that no man should be able from its pages to tell what political party I belong to; so impartially have I tried to write it. And I hope I will not assume the imputation of vanity when I say I believe I have done so. And if I have written a thought or expression calculated to sting tne pride or wound the heart of any honest man, I stand in the way of his indulgence, for I have not intended to. No historical work has ever been written, or ever will be, but that some defects can be found in it, especially dealing with events so recent as our Vendetta must the historian lay himself open to these strictures. I have aimed to give as full and fair account of our history, with the more recondite causes of Vendetta, as I was able. I was so happy as not to displease my friends with my first attempts at writing, but I dare not raise my hopes so high now. I know that many irate and insulting critics will bugle about this book, and say that my learning is easily gleaned. I will admit that, and ask them to follow my example. The choice of subjects is not at my discretion, so that the grace and style of my composition is not such as I could wish. As I have not undertaken to invent facts, of course I had to draw from many sources, especially our old men and the members of the Vendetta. And I have tried to eliminate from the mass of facts such as would be most interesting to read and remember. I do not want to be accused of supposing that all heroism, humanity, generosity and chivalry is in this county, and that all cruelty, rapacity, cowardice and ferocity is among our neighbors. I believe it to be true, and shall try to show that while our Vendetta has been signalized by some deeds disgraceful to human nature, the general behavior of our people has been such as would do

honor to mankind, and exalt the prestige of our name.

That Liberty, Progress, Knowledge, Virtue and Peace may be the lot and destiny of our people, is as much the fervent aspiration as it is the consoling faith of

MILO ERWIN.

Marion, Ill., December 1st, 1876.

THE HISTORY

—OF—

WILLIAMSON COUNTY
ILLINOIS

BRIEF HISTORY OF THIS TERRITORY

In 1512, Juan Ponce de Leon discovered Florida, and the whole of our country was claimed by Spain, by virtue of this discovery, under the name Florida. The earliest settlement was made in Illinois in 1680, and two years afterward, the Mississippi having been discovered by De-Soto, the French took formal possession of the valley of the Mississippi, and in honor of Louis, King of France, named it Louisiana. Soon after that event this country began to be called the Illinois country, after a powerful tribe of Indians by that name. In 1763, by a treaty between England and France, this country became an English province, and remained as such until it was surrendered to the United States by the John Jay treaty in 1796.

After the formal surrender of the Northwest Territory to the United States, it was divided into five counties. The portion of the Territory in which Williamson county is embraced belonged to St. Clair county, with Kaskaskia

as the county seat, in which condition it remained until 1809, when Illinois was organized into a Territory proper. Congress appointed a Governor over this Territory who, in order to execute the laws, was authorized to lay out the Territory into counties, which he did; and this portion of the Territory which had hitherto been part of St. Clair county, now fell into Gallatin county, where it belonged until Illinois was admitted into the Union in 1818, and Franklin county was taken off the west side of Gallatin. In 1839, Franklin county was divided by act of the Legislature, and the southern half called Williamson county. Under the Territorial government the Governor appointed the magistrates and other officers, and they had to be freeholders; but since the admission of the state they have all been elected, and property qualification abolished.

Williamson county is twenty-four miles long from east to west, and eighteen miles north to south. It contains 432 square miles, and 276,480 acres of land. At present it is divided into twelve townships and fifteen voting precincts. The surface of the county is level, with the exception of some rough land along its south side. It is traversed by a copious supply of large streams and their tributaries. The Saline and Crab Orchard run the whole length through the south side, and Big Muddy River cuts deeply into the northwest corner, while Pond and Lake Creeks wind and twist themselves along the northern portion until they come to what is known as the Scatters of Pond Creek, which is a swamp for two miles in extent, covered with tall grass, where the creek soaks lazily along among the tufts of grass, finally forming a stream again and emptying into Big Muddy.

There are ten separate and distinct veins of bituminous coal in this county, which spreads out and underlies

three-fourths of its surface, and in dozens of places crops out where it can be cheaply and easily mined; and the veins average nine feet in thickness. No country on the globe is better supplied with coal than this county.

When our fathers came here, they found these vast, silent, virgin plains unclaimed, untouched, untilled, hedgeless, free to all. Field-like in wastes, yet fertile, awaiting, full of charms and loveliness, the smiling face of man. On entering the county from the east side an immense floe stretched westward beyond the reach of vision; the burning landscape was gashed with deep ravines, against whose rocky throats an old tree formed a pent-house on this silent main for travelers against rain and tempest. No sound broke nature's solemn repose. The summer breeze rocked itself to sleep in the elm boughs, and only the waning moon seemed alive, as it climbed up a cloudless sky, passing starry sentinels, whose mighty challenge was lost in the vast vortexes of blue, as they paced the ceaseless rounds in the canopy of constellations. Many a beautiful little lake, without a ripple, lay hid in the tall grass, reflecting the birds that passed over them, and from their clear bosom gave back the polished beauty of the heavens above.

The northern and southern portions of the county were well timbered; but the central was a vast barrens, without a shrub, except on the streams; but is now heavily timbered. There are nine beautiful little prairies in the county, averaging about three square miles each, the edges of which were studded with low trees—crab apples, hawthorns, red buds, etc., which bloomed in the spring, making most romantic scenery. Many of these little groves remain to this day, with Nature's own rich festooning hung, and afford a splendid retreat for picnics. But there is nothing in a tree alone to please; it is the variety

which Nature gives that makes the complex emotions and beautiful sensations in men. She has been profuse. She spreads blossoms over the face of the country. Flowers hang like jewels from boughs; but she puts on no unnecessary paint. More sweetness would cloy the palate, more beauty would pale the sight. There is no room for a man to call up a more delightful theme. The trees had a gorgeous drapery of flowers and coniferous vines, and the horizontal limbs rose by regular stagings, one above the other, where the rural dieties reveled in their own sylvan solitudes, wearing their wreaths twined by the rosy fingers of Romana and the spicy odors swept up the drowsy upland all day from the forest and prairie meadows, while the air was lifting clustering rings of dark clouds above. This was a lovely home for the Red Man, where the dews of Egypt tilled roses and vines for him, and Nature, with her sweet influence, taught him to love and adore the Great Spirit in this fair haven of happiness and repose, too pure and stainless to be sullied by immorality. But Nature is not lavish; she spreads her white robes in the spring, and reserves her red until autumn.

When our fathers came here, they found the grass higher than their heads, and for twenty years it was the best range that man ever saw, until the farmers stopped the hunters from burning the woods. When this was done, the leaves killed the grass, and up came the bushes. Some of this tall grass grows on the scatters of Pond Creek every year. They found a great deal of wet land, or swamps. On account of the vegetation growing so thick and rank, the water could not run off fast. Our fathers found herbs for medicine and beverage. There was savey and thyme for broth, sage for sausage, pink-root for worms, and worm-wood for bruises, flowers for bouquets, and apples for friends. In these rude solitudes

were the bright golden paw-paw apples, six inches long and three in diameter, mellow and sweet, but not very delicious. There were ferns and water-lilies with long deep green, shiny leaves standing near the virgin poplar, with its cluster of leaves waving against the blue sky, which sent out its shady radiance like the borealis waves its ghastly banners over a midnight sky. These prairies ripple and glitter yet; but wherever civilized man has put his foot, it has left its print, and now wild briars, thorns and thistles have grown up to choke out the sweet blossoms which once bloomed over this county. The forests are cut down in many places, and rich mansions point their steeples and spires up to heaven. Rich exotic and tropical plants mingle their patrician odors with the tints of our native blue-bells and ladies' slippers.

But some of our fathers came here when the glad sound of waters was not heard; when the streams were locked in the icy shackles of winter; when the grass lay buried beneath autumnal snows; when the winds went wailing over the desolate brightness, and the cypress, with its countless, interlaced branches of hoary gray, stood up like a line of giant ghosts, an aspect of desolation and death. When they came here they found no monuments of past greatness; no Coliseum lay in a pile of ruins; no Obelisk of Sesotris pointed its alabaster finger to the eternal source of light; no Pyramids frowned down upon them; no battle scars were seen. There were no towering evergreens, Oriental bowers, or statuary. It was a virgin land, with delightful nooks, shady retreats, creeping vines, wrestling amid the forest of perpetual green, and barren districts, with the storm-brand of ages on their breast. It was a new land. Her greatness was all in the future — her history yet to be made and written except where it had been written by Nature's legible hand.

It was a land of trees; a land of flowers; a land of plains and brooks and vales; a land in whose dark, deep dells of the garden of Memory lies embedded; in whose blessed retreats the aged pioneer can refresh and strengthen himself, and drink in anew the pearly streams of happiness that rippled along its sunlit banks; a land where imagination can wing her proud flight from lofty realms to realms more lofty still; until fancy, with all her images, is fatigued and overwhelmed, and falls in silence and admiration at the feet of the majestic works of God.

WILD GAME WAS PLENTIFUL

In an early day these prairies and woodlands were well filled with wild animals. The buffalo, which once roamed over this county in unbroken herds of countless hundreds, were not seen here as late as 1810; but many of their trails remain to this day. They would feed on Phelps and Poor Prairies, and in the evening go to the Crab Orchard for water; and they wore out deep paths to the creek. One of these trails can be seen from G. L. Owen's, and one from A. B. Scurlock's to the creek. But deer was here in large droves as late as 1848, and even yet are some wandering ones found. In an early day they were seen in great gangs, feeding on the rich and verdant herbage that carpeted our emerald meadows. Sometimes the breathless stillness of the forest would be broken by the crack of a rifle, and hundreds of wolves would hold their midnight carnival over the remains of one of these noble animals. Bears were found in great numbers in the bottoms. Elk left in a few years after the bison. Wildcats, raccoons, skunks, otters, minks, ground hogs, squirrels, opossums, rabbits, etc., are still found in abundance. Until within a few years the bloodshot eye of the catamount might be seen glaring in the

foliage. Serpents were here in great profusion—copperheads, black and blue racers, chicken, garter, green and horn snakes, moccasins, adders, etc.; and as an adjunct to this horrible scene were hundreds of rattle snakes. Their huge scaly bodies could be seen shining, as they lay in folds upon hill-sides, and when approached would throw open their mouths in a daring and reckless manner, giving ample warning of their ability and disposition to defend themselves. But they are gone, and soon memory will lose all its wild deer. Thus will perish forever the game which was to our fathers objects of mutual pleasure and dangers.

BIRDS FOLLOW CIVILIZATION

Our fathers did not find those beautiful singing-birds here when they came that we have now. They are creatures of civilized countries, and follow the tide of emigration. But vultures were here, and would flop their broad wings and soar over head in great clouds when disturbed. Vast flocks of buzzards circled round and round far up in the blue ether, and made their homes in the winds and clouds. Cranes, brants, wild geese, and eagles were seen, and the blue heron would stretch upward with their long, skinny necks at the sight of man. The golden oriole, blue jay, and the flaming red bird darted away among the shadowy boughs, and the lark poured his sad sweet notes on the spicy air; plovers, prairie hens, wrens, robins, ravens, crows, blackbirds, pewits, martins, thrush, quail, snipe, king-fisher, mocking-birds, pigeons, doves, yellow hammers, blue-birds are very plentiful.

There is a buzzard which sails gracefully over Northern Precinct to which tradition ascribes a mysterious history. It was caught in a wolf-trap over forty-five years ago; and one leg still hangs down as it flies. It has been

kept sight of ever since. In the same locality lives a gray eagle whose mate was shot by Dr. S. M. Mitchell over twenty-five years ago.

INDIANS ROAMED THESE PRAIRIES

That portion of the Territory lying between the Big Muddy on the west, and the Wabash on the east, was for over thirty years inhabited by the Shawnee tribe of Indians. And that west of Big Muddy, to the Mississippi, was occupied by the Kaskaskia Indians.

In the year 1802, a battle occurred between the two tribes. These tribes would occassionally trespass upon the hunting grounds of each other, from which quarrels ensued, and finally the battle above mentioned. It was fought by agreement on the half-way ground, in Town Mount Prairie, in the edge of Franklin county, about three miles south-west of Frankfort. The Kaskaskians were under the command of their chief John DuQuoin, then quite an old man, and a good friend to the whites. The Shawnees were commanded by a chief of a treacherous nature, which was probably the cause of the fight. As to the duration of this battle, we have no means of knowing; but the battle-ground itself, though under a high state of cultivation, can yet be located by the marks. The farms occupied by L. D. Throop and the Dennings, are at the extremes of the battle-field, the main fight taking place a little south of Mr. Throop's residence. A large number of the Shawnees were slain, and the remainder driven to the Big Muddy River, at a point about a quarter of a mile below the bridge, on the Frankfort and DuQuoin road, where, in attempting to cross they were nearly all butchered, and the tribe annihilated. The Kaskaskias after that held undisputed sway, until the encroachment of the whites drove them beyond the Mississippi.

Since the year 1802 there were a few straggling bands of hunters and fishermen in this county, but no tribe ever again claimed it. In consequence of the hostile disposition of the Indians, no white settlements were made this side of Equality until 1804, when seven brothers by the name of Jordan, John and William Browning, Joseph Estes and a man by the name of Barbrey, a brother-in-law to the Jordans, came from Smith county Tennessee, and located in Franklin county, and built a fort and block-house on the ground now occupied by the residence of Alexander McCreery.

Until 1815 little or no attempt was made by them to cultivate the soil, but they subsisted on the products of the woods. In the year 1812, James Jordan and Barbrey went out to gather wood, and they were fired on by the Indians. Barbrey was killed dead and scalped; Jordan was wounded in the legs, but was able to get to the fort. After obtaining re-inforcements from Frank Jordan's fort, they started in pursuit of the Indians and followed them as far as the Okaw River, but did not overtake them. Barbrey was buried at the fort, and his grave can be seen at this day. The murder of Barbrey was but a just and inexplicable epitome of that long catalogue of violent deaths, ushered in by the keen crack of the savage Indian's rifle, and ending with the hollow thud of the murderous shot-gun in this county.

A large portion of the Shawnee tribe lived in Indiana, and in 1811 were camped on the Tippecanoe, a tributary of the Wabash. The great Tecumseh was chief of the Shawnee Indians, and at that time was preparing for war against Governor Harrison; and while our government was fighting England, Tecumseh left his tribe in 1811 and taking twelve of his warriors with him, started south to enlist the Creek Indians to join him. He passed through this

county, coming into it from the north-east to Marion, where he struck the Kaskaskia trail. He followed it to the Hill place and then on south. About a mile south of Marion he was met and talked to by John Phelps, who had been in the country but a short time and he was frightened very badly. But Tecumseh was a humane Indian and was never known to ill-treat or murder a prisoner, and denounced all who did, and employed all his authority and eloquence to protect the helpless. In the fall he returned north, and was greatly mortified over his brother's defeat at Tippecanoe. The next year he was killed at the battle of the Thames, Canada.

But the Shawnee Indians were not all like Tecumseh. They were hated and dreaded by the whites, and were overwhelmed and obliterated by the relentless flow of the pale-faces, and lived only in memory and history. They once claimed this county as their own, and the light bark canoe swam on the silver bosom of the Saline. As they wandered along its shores they passed forests whose sombre depths were veiled to them by a vast screen of drooping birch, and then they pushed their little craft through wide-spreading beds of water lilies, and then, entering one of Nature's solemn temples, what weird, wonderous visions greeted their thrilled senses! As they glided slowly along, the heavens were almost shut out. Behind and before them rose up trunks of trees; now and then they stooped as they passed under some monarch of the place. They pushed aside the thickly trailing vines and then the canoe would disturb a perfect surface of the most marvelous mirror, reflecting countless forms of leaves and twigs. How intense was the silence, broken only by the splash of a single blue heron, who, wondering at the intrusion, gazed, and then spreading his great wings, rose and slowly dis-

appeared. Such were the scenes of these dirty, greasy, filthy Indians.

Every valley in our beautiful county gives evidence of the existence of the race to which I refer. The delightful valley of the Crab-Orchard is replete with Indian history and reminiscence. But the Kaskaskias, who were friendly with the whites, continued to come to this county as late as 1828. They were sent out by Colonel Manair, a trader of Kaskaskia, to hunt for furs, etc. They would come in the fall and camp on Big Muddy, Hurricane, Crab-Orchard, Caplinger Ponds, and other streams. But these were Indians in whom the peculiar characteristics of the race had given place to some of the courtesies and confidences of civilized man. A very large number of them were camped at Bainbridge as late as 1813. James Maneece once visited this camp, and they had a large kettle of terrapins on boiling, making soup. They asked him to eat with them, but he declined. The Crain boys and others used to go to their camps on the Crab-Orchard, and have fun with them. They asked them why they did not go down the Saline; that there was plenty of all kinds of game there; but the Indian would shake his head and say, "Griffee live there; he kill Indians." Thos. Griffee had a character for killing every Indian he could catch in the woods, and they were afraid to go down there. When they camped on Big Muddy, the white folks would go down regularly every Sunday to see them. One old Indian who came here for several years had a white wife, by the name of Ellen, said to be very handsome. He would never leave her at the camp alone on Sunday, for fear the white boys would steal her. These hunters used to go quite often to farmers' houses for something to eat.

In Northern Precinct, they got so bad that the women were afraid to stay home alone while they were loitering

around through the woods. The men banded together, and gave the Indians ten days' notice to leave the country. They produced the Governor's permit to hunt, but it was not honored. They left before the ten days were out, and were never seen in Northern Precinct again. John Roberts, the Burns and Ratcliff were in the band. Wigwams were still standing on Carl. Grave's farm, in 1820; and on Hugh Park's, as late as 1829, were traces of camps. But after 1818, they never went into the eastern part of the county. They had a camp at a spring on the farm of J. S. Neely, in 1817. Also, on Indian Camp Creek, in the Burns settlement. A little south of the old station, near Pond Creek, are several Indian mounds; they are piles of dirt thrown up two feet high and twenty feet across to set the wigwams on to keep them dry. Many relics of the Indians have been found in this county. On Wesley Park's farm are rocks cut and carved in curious style by the Indians.

THE EARLY SETTLERS

The French settlers of Kaskaskia were mostly engaged in fur trading, and, in pursuing this business, would follow up the streams emptying into the Mississippi, near that place. As no streams run from this county to Kaskaskia, it is not probable that any of these people ever entered what is now Williamson county until 1720.

When Renault, an agent of the Mississippi Company, left France with two hundred miners to carry out the mining schemes of that company in Illinois, he bought five hundred slaves at San Domingo, to work in the mines. He settled at St. Phillip, and sent out exploring expeditions all over Illinois. He remained here twenty-four years, and spent seven millions of dollars. While there is no evidence of his search in this county, it is almost certain that he

did so. Along the north side of Johnson county is found a shining kind of metal resembling silver, and many traces of extinct mines yet remain that at some day must have been the scene of much labor and expense. To reach these mines, he would necessarily pass through this county, and if so, was the first white man ever to break its solemn silence with the tread of his foot-steps. The next probable account of white men in this county was in 1766, when four men, who had been exploring with Col. James Smith in Kentucky, crossed into Illinois at the mouth of the Tennessee, and traveled fifty miles north, where they are lost sight of forever. It is likely they were killed by the Indians in this county.

The first white men known to have been in this county was in 1778. Col. George Rogers Clark, with one hundred and fifty men, came down the Ohio *en route* for Kaskaskia. He left Fort Massac about the 28th day of June, and marched on foot to a point seven miles north-west of Golconda. Here he turned north-west, and came into our county at the south-east corner; marched by Sarahville to Thomas Hill's place, then turned north, passed within one hundred and fifty yards of Marion on the west side, then through the east side of Phelp's Prairie to Herrin's Prairie, passing through where D. R. Harrison's fine brick mansion now stands and crossing Big Muddy at the mouth of Pond Creek, or Odum Ford, and arrived at Kaskaskia on the 4th day of July. This has since been known as the Kaskaskia Trail, and in an early day was very muddy and hard to travel. So much so, that a new trail, known as the "Worthen Trail," was made through the east side of the county. It turned north near Sarahville, and ran along the ridge through the Hendrickson Settlement, then into Town Mount Prairie, and joined the old trail south-east of Du Quoin. In Phelps'

Prairie, Clark, suspecting his Indian guides of treachery, put bayonets behind them and gave them one hour to find the right direction or die. They found it. Clark spent seven days crossing a country that at most would not have required more than four days for his sturdy backwoodsmen to cross. From this I conclude that he built what is known as "Stonefort" in Saline county, near the old trail. There are the remains of an old fort enclosing an acre of ground with dilapidated walls of stone on three sides, and a huge bluff on the north. A short distance from the fort up and down stream is a block-house. That this was built about this time is evident from the growth of the trees in it. It is the shape and style of those built by white men on the frontiers. The block-houses were built up and down the stream, the way the Indians traveled. It is built on a high bluff, where nearly all forts are built by white men. The Indians never built any rock forts, and never entrenched on open, high or conspicuous places. It was within a short distance of the Saline River, the regular camping ground of the Shawnee Indians for over thirty years, who, at this time, were at war with the whites, and moving eastward. I was unable to find any engraving or sculpturing on the rocks, but the trees have been blazed and the dates grown up. I give it as my opinion, based on the history of the past, that Clark built this fort. It was occupied in 1813 by a family of Shultz's.

This brings me to the first settlement, which occurred in 1810. Frank Jordan built a fort in Northern Precinct. It was a stockade enclosing about one acre of ground, and contained four log cabins and a well, and was about fifty yards from Pond Creek. It is now known by the name of the "Old Station," and in 1820 half the stockade was standing and the cabins were occupied by James Howe and Mr. Parks. An old doctor by the name of John Dun-

lap was with the Jordans in this fort. He claimed to have been captured by the Indians when a boy and brought up by them to the practice of medicine. He lived a great many years and followed his profession, and always got his medicine out of the roots and herbs in the woods.

In this year three of the Dillinghams came to this county on a hunting expedition, and camped where Bazzel Holland now lives. For several years they continued to come here to hunt, and finally settled. They frequently met the Indians, but always got along friendly with them. In 1811 John Phelps settled Phelps' Prairie. Jay and McClure settled at the Odum Ford. Joseph and Thomas Griffee settled at Ward's Mill. William Donald settled the Hill place. John Maneese and his son James settled in Phelps' Prairie. During this year these settlers and some from down on Cache, built a block-house on the John Davis' place, west of Marion. It was built of hewed logs, and was twenty feet square, covered with slabs, and had port holes eight feet from the ground. They all went into this fort at night, and had nineteen white dogs for guards on the outside. The tracks of Indians were often seen around in the morning.

James Maneese was twenty-three years old before he knew what a doctor was. He was once sent with a note to one which he gave to a man who gave it to the doctor. Maneese thought it was a machine he was going for. But, lo, Mr. Doctor was a man! A man by the name of Hibbins settled the west side of Herrin's Prairie during this year, but was compelled to leave it the next.

Eighteen and twelve is memorable for the settlement of Flanery, at Flanery Springs. Richard Bankston settled the Spiller farm north of Marion. An unknown hunter built his camp on what is now Benton Russell's farm, but he had to leave on account of the Indians. A few more

were added to Jordan's fort, and Richard Ratcliff settled the Roberts' farm in Northern. Charles Humphreys settled at the Stancil ford, and commenced to keep a ferry. He built him a small block-house, but the Indians sometimes got so bad that he had to remove his family to Jordan's fort for safety. One night, James Herrin, who had come out here on a visit, stayed in the house with the ferryman. It thundered and lightened terribly, and they could see the Indians walking around when it lightened. But they were all gone before day. In 1815 Nathan Arnett settled the Hinchcliff farm, and Abraham Piatt, William Doty and Nelson McDonald settled near him. Solomon Snider and James McDonald moved up from Johnson county and settled in Grassy. Dempsey Odum settled the F. C. Kirkham farm. Aaron Youngblood settled the Jake Sanders' place. In 1816 there were but few settlers. Joshua Tyner settled on the Eight Mile; William Lindsey the Samuel Russell place; Jasper Crain settled on the west side of the prairie, and the next year moved to Phelps' Prairie. 1817 was more prolific of settlers. Spencer Crain settled in Phelps' Prairie. John Phelps moved to Union county. Ragsdall Rollin settled the north side of the Prairie. Isaac Herrin settled the Stotlar place in Herrin's Prairie. Capt. David Springs settled the Graves' place. John Roberts bought Ratcliff's improvements. John Hooker and James Howe settled near him and Mr. Worthen. In 1818 there was a great influx of people. Phillip Russell and his three sons settled in the Eight Mile. Perkins in Herrin's Prairrie. Elijah Spiller bought Bankston out. Bankston was a shrewd man, a great hunter, but a drunkard. William Burns and five brothers settled in Northern. Major Lockaleer the Burns place. George Davis the Bell place. Dickenson Garrett a little south of James Edwards. Hezekiah

Garrett, the Ben Eaton farm. William Norris on Phelps' Prairie.

The settlers of 1819 were David Herring with his father-in-law, Isaac Herrin. The prairie was named after Isaac. Sion Mitchell, S. M. Mitchell and Moses Jones settled in Northern. S. M. Mitchell where he now lives. Conrad Baker in Herrin's Prairie. William and Ben Spiller in the Spiller settlement. Abraham Tippy and his son, John, a little south of Bainbridge. Starling Hill at the Hill place, and Simpkins brothers near Hill's. 1820 is signalized by the settlement of Wadkins and his negro—the first one in the county. Dowell Russell settled the Lewis Parks place. Mark Robinson, the Kidd place. Some of the Shultz's in Saline precinct. James Stewart and his sons, on the Pease farm. 1821, David Corder settled the Erwin farm on the east, and George Davis on the west. Major James Corder settled the Stilly farm. 1822, Hamilton Corder where he now lives. Charles Erwin settled the farm on which he lived and died. Hugh Parks on the Jack Thompson place, and seven years afterwards moved where he now lives. Daniel Mosley, the Furlong place. 1823, William Campbell settled Blairsville, and Sam. Stacks Southern Precinct.

I have now given all the settlers up to 1822. These I have dominated "the early settlers," for three reasons: First, it gives us a settlement in all the precincts of the county, and Second, they produced no change in the county —neither improving it nor destroying the game, but lived like the Indians, mostly in the woods. Third, the influx of immigration swelled into such a stream that it would be impossible to keep trace of individual settlers with anything like accuracy. The Bowles, Lewis, Wrights, Arnolds, Hunters, Phimesters, Bakers and Turners, all settled in early days.

The settlement of Marion deserves a notice. Poor Prairie, by William Benson in 1826. He built a cabin where the Cox place is. Soon after this, Martin Spiller settled the Goddard place, and Tipo S. Williams the Aikman place, and Mr. Tyner built a cabin where the C. & S. R. R. depot now stands. In 1835, Benson bought Tyner's improvements, which extended over the present site of Marion, and he built a cabin where the widow of Col. James D. Pully now lives. At that time a cabin was standing where Young & Kern's store now stands, in a decayed condition, and no one knew anything of it. Benson kept hotel, and his house was used as a court-house for a while. He cultivated corn and wheat where the square was laid out. Silas Gratton settled the Barham place. James McCoy, the Stockton place. Jacob Goodall settled on the Goodall farm southeast of Marion in 1828. I will now proceed to give a description of the character, manners, etc., of our fathers, and first of the

CHARACTER OF THE PIONEERS.

I have tried, though with conscious imperfection to describe the country our first settlers found when they came here. It was this lovely country, with its still past, and glorious future, that awakened a feeling of independence and spirit of enterprise among the settlers. They were generally the humbler class from Tennessee, Kentucky, North and South Carolina; but there is scarcely a state in the Union that has not furnished us some immigrants, and there is no country where more singular, more eccentric, more opposite characters were found. Here was the brave, the passionate, the generous, the sincere, the fickle, the bold, the modest, the devout, and the wicked. Here were some devoid of treachery and malice, others vindictive and penurious. Some were promoters of edu-

cation, and some were idlers. Here were the melancholy and the happy. They were very credulous and believed nearly everything they heard, no matter how exaggerated, and hence imposition and misfortune was often their lot. They came here big with enterprise, elated with hope, full of their own abilites. They trusted to themselves for life. They were poor, but of unmixed blood. There were no half-breeds, neither of Indians nor other obnoxious races. In private life they lived with republican austerity, and in society moved with chivalrous spirit. They settled on the margins of the little prairies, on the banks of streams, and near large springs. They built cabins out of round logs, which they chinked and daubed to keep out the winter's cold and summer's heat. The door was hung with cypress vines, and the yard was decorated with sun-flowers, hollyhocks and poseys, showing that woman, under all circumstances, has something sweet and noble in her life. Many of these cabins are still standing, and there are none of us, if our ancestors were traced back a few generations, but would find them in one of these cabins, where the midnight wolves howled their nightly serenade. It was in one of these rude structures, surrounded by an unbroken forest, that the author of this volume, still an humble boy, was cast out upon the cold charities of an unfeeling and inconstant world, to live in a sinful day and suffer the destinies of men. And these old woods are still eloquent with the reminiscences of long ago—not the stuff that dreams are made of, but the rank charms and rich loves of the past, loading the vehicle of memory and oppressing the soul.

Two-thirds of the early settlers followed the occupation of hunting. They cultivated small patches of corn for bread. The other third followed farming. While eight acres was a large farm, they made good livings and

had something to give their children. Besides these two classes, there was a vagrant class that sprung up in the last forty years, who roamed through the woods uninfluenced by attachment and unfettered by principle, stealing hogs and sheep. But they have all disappeared. The settlers lived calm, quiet lives, remote from the active bustle of more civilized life. Their surroundings imparted to them generous feelings, gentle manners and a language of liquid softness. Hospitality with them was a part of human nature, and not a religious rite. They were as generous as their soil was productive. Nature had bestowed food upon them with a liberal hand, and taught them to share it with the hungry. Social intercourse was more general than now, more hearty, less formal, and more valued. Friendships were warmer and deeper. When a man got sick, his neighbors would go break his ground, plant his crop and cultivate it for him. And it was thought no hardship to ride fifteen miles for this purpose, or even visiting as friends. The world has not exhibited an example of a more happy race than our early settlers. Their kindness was bounded only by their capacity. Nothing that a neighbor wanted was too good for him to borrow. While some of them had vices of savages, most of them had the virtues of men. They were true to their country, true to their friends, their homes and their God. They hardly ever forgave an insult or forgot a kind act; and if their vengeance was terrible, their generosity was great. Their lives may seem to us hard, lonesome and wearied by lifeless monotony; but they were passed happily. Some of our old men have told me their young days were the best and sweetest part of life. They heard the same songbirds that we hear. Their faces were fanned by the same breeze; but they were surrounded by the rich influence of wild, untamed Nature. Cowardice was a foreigner.

They were thoughtful, grave-looking set of men, with long beards, and generally had but little to say. But the gravity of the stock has been changed by grafts from without, and these early characteristics are observable now only in our oldest men. They live in the past, and only look to the future with gratitude and hope to see their children fairly gain wealth and honor in a day of culture and refinement. Some of these old men live in cabins with but little around them, and it is no index to the position they once held, or the influence they exerted, to see them living that way now. They might have been captains in the militia, or served as judge, sheriff, etc., in the county. Mr. O. West, once a captain in the Army, now lives in a humble cottage. General John Davis lived on a farm in a log house. These men never resorted to slander; when they spoke of a man their language clearly showed no malice. They were generous to faults, and honest in their dealings. The children of those who followed farming are our best livers. The Herrings, Parks, Russells, Davis, Roberts, Stewarts, Arnolds, were not hunters, and their children are our wealthiest farmers. Those who followed hunting are now generally poor.

But our fathers had many hardships to lessen the joys of life. They were often without the necessities of life. They had but few store goods, and had to go to Equality for salt, to Shawneetown for groceries and domestics. They had but few horses, and most of the traveling was done on foot. Even in a very late day, they would go to mill, carrying two bushels of corn on their shoulders. But, happily for our people, none need have such hardships now. Our mothers were among the border beauties of the Great West. They were plain, untrammeled by stages and ceremonies. They did not have white

hands, nor willow waists, and consequently had coarse, awkward, brawny health. Still, in this wilderness, they had much of the refinement belonging to their sex. They had something about them that was womanly and attractive. They did not swear, do, nor say anything that was suggestive of immorality. They associated with men, and very coarse ones, and were intimately acquainted with all their affairs. They were accumstomed to the woods and dangers, and learned to be strong of hand and nerve, and to keep cool. They would fight as quick as the men, and many of them were excellent shots and could shoot a deer or turkey as well as bake a hoe-cake. Their necks were sun-burnt, and their hair hung down or was twisted in a little knot on the back of the head. They wore no ruffles, bias stripes or flounces, but had a comliness of their own. It was not the paltry prettiness of gait nor manners that lent beauty to their frontier charms, but it was stalwart, untrained grace that made them models of beauty. Their ringlets fell in troublesome abundance and would not be confined. Their cheeks, if they could but know the absence of sunbeam caresses and the boisterous kisses of the wind, would show the clearest marble-white and bonniest bloom. They shuffled their limbs slip-shod along trails in search of animals, and of whose sound strength the owner had but little thought. They had arms which split wood and carried water; whose whiteness and mould would fit them rather for the adornment of golden clasps and folds of ancient lace. Their houses were neat and tasty. They had no fine furniture,no bright, baize carpet covered the floor; but in the yard a stump or box contained forest flowers; luxuriant branches of evergreens hung in the corners, and festoons of oak leaves and cypress vines covered the whitewashed walls of the house; and panseys, ferns and pinks fringed the walks.

Many of our older ladies look back with tears in their eyes on these fair dwellings. How bright are the scenes, and how sacred are the joys which surround them! Memory wraps a halo of beauty, peace and glory around them, and binds anew their charms to the heart. Little did they care for the smiles of the gay world of fashion that glitter and gleam on the paths of modern belles. While our fathers preached, commanded, hunted and plowed, our mothers spun, wove, cultivated flowers, and exerted every gentle, womanly influence. If a woman wounded the feelings of her neighbor, and a reconciliation had to be effected, some little chord, buried deep under the accumulated debris of pride, indifference and wounded vanity, was struck by a sympathetic hand, and thrilled and quivered into perfect harmony. These little, impulsive acts were genuine inspirations. Many a man has been led to the fold of friendship, and many a woman's life has been strengthened by the spontaneous infusion of sympathetic feelings. They loved their husbands, brothers and sons, and were as ready to join them in their sports and amusements, as to share their privations and dangers. They provided lolly-pops for school-girls, and ginger-cakes for boys, and flying mare and swings for festive days. I have asked our old ladies what hardships they had to encounter in the early settlement of this county; but they gave so many and varied accounts, that it was hard to generalize their troubles. They were often left alone, surrounded by wild animals and were subject to frequent hardships. I will relate one scene which I saw when a boy, illustrative of those early days. It was one of the hardest scenes that it is the allotment of men to meet. It was a handsome young woman, sitting on a plow-beam, nursing her baby. She had just been plowing, and had taken her babe up from its grassy bed, and sat down to rest. This was a hard

sight. New feelings sprang up slowly into my heart, and I could hardly keep my countenance from arguing humanity by sighs and sobs. This lovely woman met Fate's stern demand with a brave patience that was truly grand and heroic. The birds had learned to love her, and as the transparent clouds drifted like currents and waves of gauze athwart the sky, they whistled their cheerful lullabies of sympathy and encouragement to her. But she was a widow, and afterwards married happy, and Williamson County has not since been tarnished by a scene like this, which must wither the pride and bring a blush of shame to the cheek of every person who has the least spark of humanity in his bosom. If it is objected that this incident is not worthy of historic mention, I will answer that the hardships of our people are a part of my subject, and my heart is full of it.

But few of the early settlers are now living. Since we have parted from them, winter has come and gone, spring has gladdened us with beauty, blossoms and fruits. And the summer life is now pouring in profusion into the lap of our destiny the highest privileges of civilized man, to be gathered and garnered for our comfort. Much of the real character of our people remains unchanged, and this county today, contains a bold, brave, generous class of citizens, distinguished for intelligence, honesty and high moral culture. They are people which will compare favorably, in those virtues and graces which ennoble character and render life happy, with those of any part of the Great West.

DRESS WAS SIMPLE.

Among the men there were two styles of dressing worn—one by those who followed farming, and one by those who were hunters. The hunters, who were by far

the largest class, wore a hunting-shirt, which was a large linsey or domestic gown, open before and fastened with a belt, and reached below the knees. Under this was a pair of domestic pants, a common vest, and deerskin moccasins on their feet, and a deer or a coon skin cap on their heads. This was the dress, both winter and summer, and in this garb, the hunter might be seen wading the snow in winter, or crushing the flowers of summer. At church and public gatherings, the bloodiest man was generally considered the best dressed.

The dress of the farmers was a little different. In place of the hunting-shirt, they had a sack-coat, made of linsey. In place of domestic pants, they generally wore dressed buck skin, and in place of the cap, they had the palmetto hat. The dressing of the women was still more odd and singular. They raised their own cotton and flax, spun and wove them into such garments as they needed. Six yards was considered an extravagant amount to put into one dress, which was made plain, with two widths in the skirt, the front one cut gored. The waist was up under their arms, with a draw string between the shoulders behind. The sleeves were made very large, and tapered to the wrist, and the most fashionable had these sleeves filled with a kind of pad which made them look like a bolster, and were called "sheep shank sleeves." Those who could afford it, used feathers, which gave the sleeve the appearance of an inverted balloon from the elbow up, and were called "pillow sleeves." Some of these were so large that they almost shut out the face from view, and extended up to their ears. Papers were used in absence of pads and feathers. Graceless young rascals would speak of kissing the girls at parties as "squeezing the pillows." The bonnet was a tow bonnet, made of splits; but the most fashionable wore Leghorn hats, with the brim about ten inches

wide, tied up with a ribbon in a bow-knot on top. They wore a great many ribbons and bows, but no jewelry. If a girl could succeed in getting a little indigo blue in her tow dress, she was considered as "putting on airs."

The tow dress was superseded by the cotton dress. Their petticoats and bed gowns were made of linsey, and a small coperas handkerchief filled the place around the neck now occupied by a gorgeous ring of ruffles. They went barefooted in summer. In winter they wore moccasins and shoe packs. A very nice thing compared with the elegant Morocco slipper, embossed with bullion, worn now by their grand-daughters. In going to church they would carry their shoes in sight, and then stop and put them on. The coats of the women and the hunting shirts of the men were hung upon wooden pegs around the walls of the cabin, and one could see their stock in this line at a glance. They had none of the ruffles, silk hats, curls, combs, rings and jewels that adorn and beautify our belles. Many of them were grown before they ever saw inside of a store, or even knew that there was such a thing. Instead of the toilet, they handled the wheel and shuttle. In stead of the piano and guitar, the sickle and weeding hoe. Instead of challis and silk, they were contented with their linsey and copperas-colored tow for dresses, and to cover their heads with bonnets made with five-hundred cotton yard. And in this severe simplicity they lived and were happy. Their hearts pulsed in responsive beats to each other's woes and were borne on the same wave of joy. Reared in simplicity, surrounded by poverty, cared for by brave parents, their lives were one long dream of sunshine, unbroken by a single storm-cloud poured out as a shameful libation to dim the horizon of their happiness.

In 1840, the styles which I have described were near-

ly all gone, and those of the present day took their place. The gray moss-covered rocks, the aged oak, the green thicket, the emerald prairies are all unchanged. Nature's usual robes remain the same. Man is the only thing in Nature that changes the styles of his covering. Probably because originally made to live without clothes, and God placed them on him because of his sin, and man, finding himself in an unnatural condition, has ever been hard to please.

FURNITURE CRUDE, HOMEMADE

Coming here as the early settlers did in wagons, over execrable roads, they could bring no furniture with them, and, consequently they had nothing but what they made, which was rude enough. Their bedsteads consisted of a fork driven in the ground and poles laid in it; then into the walls of the cabin. This was covered with boards, and these with straw, deer or bear skins. The tables were made of boards pegged on to a frame with four legs crossing each other in the center like a saw-buck. The furniture for the table for several years consisted of a few pewter dishes, plates and spoons, but mostly of wooden bowls, trenchers and noggins. If these were not to be had, gourds and hard-shell squashes were used. Some few people used the delft ware, but it was considered of no account by many, as it was easily broken—and then it dulled their scalping and clasp knives. Tea ware was too small for men, but was good enough for women and children. Iron pots, knives and forks were brought here when the people came. Deer skins, stretched over a hoop, and perforated with a hot wire were used as a sifter, and almost very house had a loom, and every woman was a weaver.

But this rude and noisy furniture has given place

to sewing machines, rose-wood pianos, organs, and marble tables, which are now frequently met with. All kinds of edge tools were scarce and very valuable in an early day. So it was a long time before the carpenters improved on the furniture. In 1840, at least two turning lathes were put up in the county, and they made some round bed posts, which were long enough for flag poles.

THEY ATE COMMON FOOD.

For a while after our fathers came here, they had some of the provisions which they brought with them; but soon they were cut off from all supplies but those which Nature had placed within their reach, and such as they made by their own exertions. If the furniture for the table was rude, the articles of diet corresponded with it. Wild meats were plentiful. Small patches of corn were raised, which, being beaten in a mortar, made good bread, but they could not shut their teeth close on account of the grit in the bread. Hog and hominy was a favorite dish, as was also hoecake and gravy. Johnny cakes and pones were staples for breakfast and dinner — milk and mush were used for supper. Fish, of course, were abundant. All kinds of greens, such as dock, and polk, were eaten. Roasting ears, pumpkins, beans, squashes and potatoes were raised in "truck patches," and used by all. The pot-pie was the standard dish for log-rollings and house raisings. Coffee and tea were not much used in an early day—they were thought to be slops that would not "stick to the ribs." The genuine back-woodsman would say that they were good for sick women and children. They were surrounded by all kinds of wild fruits, such as grapes, cherries, plums, paw-paws, persimmons, crabapples, red and black haws, and berries. These fruits still grow in great abundance in this county. There were both butch-

ers and cooks, and had no "Bridgets" or waiting girls. With refinement and culture, came that knowledge which has produced that variety of diet which makes the Americans the most independent people on earth.

NEITHER LAW NOR GOSPEL

For a long time in the early history of our county, there was neither law nor gospel, but there was a set of moral maxims which answered the place of law. Everybody understood what was right, and the man who did not do this was looked down upon. For instance, it was a duty for every man to help fight the Indians, or help raise houses; if he refused, he need not ask men to help him. No man was allowed to draw a deadly weapon in a fight, and if he did, everybody was against him. They had an innate or hereditary detestation of the crime of theft, and any person caught stealing was generally doomed to carry the "United States Flag on his back," to-wit: thirteen stripes. Bastardy was an offense of rare occurrence, the chivalrous temper of the people was so great that the guilty author was in great danger of personal violence from the brothers and father of the girl. Family honor was then esteemed very highly. People in those days had a great deal of veracity, and such a thing as perjury was unknown, until that unprincipled class of citizens which I mentioned elsewhere, sprang up in the county. Generally, they esteemed their word as good as their bond. The hunting class, as the game began to get scarce, were mostly idle and unoccupied, and the idleness tempted to dissipation, and hence whiskey shops gained a footing in the county as early as 1835, followed by shooting matches, gander pullings and horse races, which were the schools in which their appetites were trained and nursed into mischief. When intemperance had extended its ravages, profanity overspread the country, which before was

unknown. Licentiousness was uncommon among the early settlers, but is now practiced to an alarming extent. This is caused by the countenance given by the public to those men who lave in the lecherous sea of prostitution.

EVERY MAN WAS A HUNTER

From 1810 to 1835, two-thirds of our fathers followed hunting for a living, and, consequently they never made anything; but those who stuck to the farms are the wealthy ones now. The hunters cared but little for worldly honors and distinction and scarcely ever looked to the future. These rangers of the woods were a hardy race, accustomed to labor and privation. Their forms were developed to the fullest vigor; many of them idled away their aimless lives on the fertile plains that lay untilled before them, following some phantom that glowed with a treacherous gleam into scenes that were as false as their pleasures were hollow.

Early hunters were more like the primitive savage than any other men. Their habits and characters assumed a cast of simplicity mingled with ferocity, taking their colorings from the scenery and objects about them, with no companion but Nature and the rifle. By natural instinct they were ever alive to guard against danger, and provide food. Great observers of nature, they rivaled the beast of prey in discovering the haunts of game and their habits. Callous to the feeling of danger, by constant exposure they feared nothing. Of law they knew but little; their wish was law, and to obtain this they did not scruple at the means or cost; but these strong, active honest backwoodsmen were firm friends and generous men. Some of them still live among us; the most prominent are Hamilton Corder, James Maneece, Samuel Russell and William Chitty. But that bold race of which they are specimens, is fast passing away. If I was not a criminal I would go to them for relief, but if I

was a criminal I would shun their eyes. These old men love to retreat to the forest and there relate their hunting scrapes. They were daring experts; not a hole in the county but has been ransacked by these hardy men.

They knew every rock, stream, lake, shoal and valley in the county. They have dropped their hooks into every stream, and set their traps in every drift, and bayou. All kinds of game abounded in the woods, and all kinds of fish flashed their silver scales in the sun on the bosom of our waters. They were conversant with the character of every animal, fish and bird in the country. The regular hunter would start out about an hour by sun, bending his course towards the setting sun, over undulating hills, under the shade of large forest trees, beautifully festooned with grape vines and dark deep moss; wading through rank weeds and grass, now viewing some winding creek doubtful of its course, and of his own, his restless eye caught everything around. The guard of his own safety, relying on himself for protection, and at every step the strong passions of hope and fear called into exercise, he sought ominous presages of good or bad luck in everything around. The croakings of the raven and the howl of the wolf were signs. A turned leaf or a blade of grass pressed down, the uneasiness of wild animals, flight of birds were all paragraphs to him. These men needed fortitude to sustain their reflections. They felt the pangs which solitude gives, and had heaven the sigh which affection prompted. Beset by dangers, despondency stood ready to seize their souls. Sometimes they would go where there was an island of foliage on the prairie, standing out of the low billows of prairie grass that serged away till the feathery tufts broke like foam against the circles of the horizon, and their eagle eye swept around the country for game. Sometimes they would go to green thickets, whose solitary loneliness was awful; here they would

see the wolf stealing through the gloom and snuffing the scent of the intruder; and now and then the blood-shot eye of the catamount glare through the foliage. Wolves were so common as to become a public nuisance, and after a reward of one dollar a scalp was offered for their scalps, several men followed the business of killing them for a living. They had dogs trained to jump the wolf and then run backward, the wolf following to where the hunter lay concealed. Among the most noted wolf hunters were Gideon Alexander, Parson Crouch, William Chitty and Jesse Childers. They averaged about fifteen wolves a day. In storms, the ravens were seen winging their way to cover; the bench-legged coyote quickly trotted to his hole; the piercing cry of the wolf was borne upon the winds, but the fearless hunter was not disturbed for then he was sure of game. Deer licks and turkey pens were a common thing until a recent day. The hunting of wild bees, which existed here in countless millions, was a daily business. Bear hunting was a dangerous but interesting amusement, and continued as late as 1845.

THEY TOOK TIME TO PLAY

Our fathers indulged in many rude athletic sports, which have long since given place to the more refined amusements of our day. As long as a higher value was set on physical endowments than on mental, these rude sports were continued. Prominent among them was horse-racing. This was carried on mostly in the west half of the county, and was often the scene of blood-shed and much confusion. Our people have not entirely outgrown it yet. From 1820 to 1830, and occasionally since, the barbarous practice of gander-pullings was carried on. It was regularly kept up at Josiah Dillard's and Solomon Snider's, at Christmas and at all large gatherings. The way they were conducted was

shameful in the extreme. Plenty of whisky was first provided, then a ponypurse was made up, or a premium offered. A gander was next taken and his neck thoroughly soaped, when he was tied by the legs to a springing-pole, head downward, eight or nine feet from the ground; the riders were mounted and went at full speed; one man stood under the gander with a whip to keep the horses going. The first man who got hold of the gander generally turned the feathers the wrong way and made the neck sleeker than ever. The gander would flap his wings and squall for life, when an expert rider got hold of him, in such a manner as to make the blood grow cold. Sometimes a greedy fellow would hold on until his horse ran from under him, and then he would generally strike the ground with that portion of his body which, in stooping posture, is the fairest mark for assault. Running, jumping and wrestling were the common amusements at neighborhood gatherings, and the best wrestler and fastest runner were men of notoriety. Every boy had his bow and arrow, and spent a great part of his time in the woods. Skill in shooting with the bow was a great virtue. The hunters learned to imitate the cry of all kinds of animals, and the whistle of all kinds of birds. To bleat like a fawn, howl like a wolf or gobble like a turkey, were accomplishments common among all. They had learned it from the Indians. Dancing was a favorite amusement with the people of the west side of the county. Those on the east side were not noted for sports of any kind, but were better hunters. At all weddings and house-raisings they had a dance, and people would come twenty-five miles to them. They knew nothing of the waltz, schottische or polka of our day; but the "Irish Trot," three and four-handed reels and jigs were tramped out to perfection. Cottonpickings were common in an early day, and they were followed by a "play," where the boys would kiss the girls from "Julius

Cæsar" to the "Fourth of July." It was not dishonorable, because it brought no bashful blush to trip down the girls' cheeks in stipple dots; but the sweet, love-pressed smile baptized her lips, and sent an electric radiation which caught up his heart and made it dance a polka in his mouth. Cards, dice and other such gambling instruments, were wholly unknown among the early settlers; but from 1835 to 1870, were used by a large number of our people. Now there are but few gamblers in the county. Singings were of frequent occurence until within a few years. Fox-chases, the pride of every sportsman, are still enjoyed in this county. General hunts, with fifty on a side, were practiced twenty-five years ago. They would march through the woods to a common rendezvous, and have a barbecue.

WEDDINGS WERE GREAT OCCASIONS

The early inhabitants of this county generally married young. There was no distinction in rank or class, and hence, no fetters on alliances. The whole neighborhood was on hand at a wedding, for it was sure to be followed by a dance or frolic; and that too, without the labor of building a cabin or planing a scout. The weddings in this county were conducted in other respects the same as this day, with the exception of the time. They were then always celebrated just before dinner, and the parties were dressed in home-made clothes, and the bride wore buck-skin gloves. The chase after "Black Betty," so common in the West in an early day, was never practiced here. After the wedding, the infare was celebrated, then a log cabin was erected by the neighbors for the young couple.

The young people went out, one by one, from the happy circles of their fathers, exchanging a place beneath the old roof for a new and untried one out in the wild world. To them it was the balmy time of life. Hope carpeted the fut-

ure with flowers; all was bright by the anticipated joy of the future. They were our fathers and mothers. Some of them have realized their fondest hopes and brightest dreams, amid the storms that have swept along the tracks of life. Others who have battled in winters' cold and summers' heat, have ever had the ghastly spectre of poverty at their sides, pointing to a destiny of wretchedness and dispair, while the sunny side of life was in view. Divorce was never heard of among the first settlers of this county, but as the practice of marrying has been kept up in a more sinful day, the practice of obtaining divorces has also grown up, until now, it is spoken of as a small and un-noticeable event.

WORKERS WANTED WHISKEY

Workings were the result of the condition of the country. In counties where they build frame, brick or adobe houses, no considerable number of hands are necessary, but in the forest, where they raise log houses it requires a large number. So, on the prairies, where there are no logs to roll, these workings are not known; but where the farms are cut out of the wilderness, the farmer needs the aid of his neighbors to roll the heavy logs together. Then the workings were those of planing scouts, campaigns, raising log cabins, which were followed by log-rollings, wood-choppings, rail-splittings and corn-shuckings. At these gatherings they always had a good time. Whiskey was provided, or no work done certain. These workings were attended by all the neighbors, and are kept up unto this day; and have always been a source of fun, amusement and mutual benefit to our people.

A FEW SLAVE HOLDINGS

Illinois Territory was a slave Territory and contained several hundred slaves; but the Constitution of 1818 prohib-

ited slavery within the State; and provided for the manumition of the slaves. Most of the citizens of this county were from the South; but few of them brought slaves with them. Wadkins brought a negro with him, which he always called free, and Frank Jordan had two negro slaves, and the excitement on the question of slavery ran very high until 1818. The negroes were sometimes kidnapped and taken South, and sold, and sometimes taken East and freed. When the state was admitted, almost all the negroes were taken to Missouri and sold. When the question of slavery was settled beyond controversy, some of the negroes were brought back and freed, as provided by law. Alexander McCreery went to Missouri and brought back an old negress slave that his father had owned. He also bought her husband, Richard Inge, out of slavery for $300, and settled them upon eighty acres of land which, by frugality, they finally paid for, and are now living on, in the northeast part of this county. Four miles southeast of Marion, the Ellis' settled in an early day. They lived quietly and raised large families. These, and a few negroes in the northeast corner of the county, were all the negroes in the county until after the war, when a few families settled near Marion. It was a presumption of law that all negroes were slaves, and hence they could not settle in this county without providing their freedom. About the year 1857, a negro girl, living near Marion, was kidnapped by a band of ruffians, who started South with her to sell her into bondage; but such a thing was too grating to the souls of our people. The hue and cry was levied, and she was rescued from the life of a helpless, toiling slave, and restored to that liberty and freedom which God gave to all nature.

FIRST CHURCH BUILT 1819

The first church built in this county was called "Squat"

and was located on what is now the farm of Thomas Sanders, in the year 1819. It is now greatly decayed, but enough remains to show that it was a house. The next church was "Rich Grove" built on Herrin's Prairie, in 1820. It was a regular Baptist church, and Isaac Herrin was its first and almost only preacher. In 1823, the Davis, Corders and Parks built a log church, a little north of where James Mayes now lives. They were Baptists, but had no minister, only as Charles Lee, the celebrated witch master, would ride down from Hamilton County. In 1824 the Methodists put up a church in Northern. The Burns boys were good howlers, and they did the principal part of the work. Six years afterward it was burned down. The first church on the Eight Mile was erected near Samuel Russell, in 1836. "Gum Spring" Church, in Saline, was built soon afterward. The "Old Sweet Gum" was built in Marion in 1847. It was a Baptist church, and was soon followed by a Presbyterian church. There are now four large churches in Marion: A Baptist, a Christian, and two Methodists, and the county is well supplied with churches in every part. The churches in an early day had but few members, but they were very pious. Our fathers had their first meetings in their cabins, but as the county began to be settled up, and as early as 1835, they held camp-meetings in the groves, the only temples built by God himself, and, therefore, the only ones worthy of Him; for there the beauties of nature taught them gratitude and adoration towards Him, whom the universe worships. The religion of those days was more practical than theoretical. They did not spend their time in cavilings about "isms" or ordinances, but went quietly along, accepting the doctrine as preached, adored their God, cherished their kind, served their friends and country, and lived in their lives that religion, engraven on the heart of the author of these words. This was the religion of our first

parents. It is yours. It is mine. It is the religion of all ages and all people. Sages have never ceased to worship in silence this religion. While fanatics and fools have tinged the earth with blood of men by discussions and religious disputes, they have laid aside systems and applied themselves to doing good, the only road to happiness. The preachers claimed to hold their commission to preach from God, who had given them tongues to adore Him, and hands to help in their race, and hence they were listened to as men "having authority." The early piety and simple faith of our fathers have not been duplicated by our generation, partly because many ministers have sprung up who, if they were called to preach at all, either entered upon the work before the time, or are wholly unfit to preach for the want of sense, education or other qualifications; and partly on account of the change in our life which has unfettered the mind of many, and caused them to throw off the dogmas and superstitions of early days, such as witchcraft, etc., and assume a station above the vale of serfdom, far upon the plains of common sense.

Though these men were plain, unassuming and firm believers in religion, the keen crack of a rifle on Sunday was neither offensive nor unusual. They generally went to church with their dogs and guns, and perhaps killed a deer on the way. And as I have said, the bloodiest man was the best dressed. They carried their guns to church partly for protection, and partly to provide food for dinner. The camp-meetings were held in the fall, and lasted for two or four weeks. The entire family took their beds and provisions, and moved into log cabins erected near the "shed," which was a large roof set on high posts, and the floor was covered with straw. They always had a good time at these meetings, and could be heard for a great distance singing and praising God. Most every pious person shouted in those

days; none were afraid to shout. It was a grand and solemn scene; away at midnight some one would get religion, and the shouting break out anew, and hundreds of people might be seen in every conceivable stage of excitement, some down by saplings, some on their knees, some running, jumping and hallooing at the top of their voices, and all giving vent to sundry expletives of praise and adoration. Such was the effect of this early pulpit oratory that none could long resist their stirring appeals, and the terrible doom which they pronounced against the ungodly. But these early halucinations have rapidly passed away, and will soon be numbered among the things that were. The faith in Christ still remains firm and unalterable, but the more boisterous and noisy devotional exercises are heard and seen only in a few places. That religion which was the hope and consolation of our fathers is passing away, and cold, constrained, phlegmatic formalism is taking its place too much. The churches of this county are many and prosperous, and have exerted an influence in subordinating wickedness, encouraging education and morality. But I met some old men who told me that in the early day, when they neither had gospel nor meetings that the people were peaceful, friendly and happy; and as soon as preachers came into the country they got up "isms," "sects" and "systems," which ended in jars and feuds among the people, and that they have never seen any peace since. A diversity of opinion engenders strife and ill will, and these destroy peace. A genuine system of religion ought not to produce a diversity of opinion.

COTTON GINS AND MILLS

The first machinery used by our fathers for making meal, was the hominy block or mortar. It was made of a large block of wood, three feet long, with an excavation burned in one end, wide at the top, and narrow at the bot-

tom, so that the action of the pestle on the bottom threw the corn up the sides, from which it continually fell to the center. When the corn was soft, the mortar did very well for making meal, but was slow work when it was hard. They sometimes used a sweep or springing, elastic wood, thirty feet long, to lessen the toils of pounding the grain. When the corn was too soft to be beaten, a still more simple machine than the mortar was used. It was the grater, a half circular piece of tin, perforated with a punch from the concave side, and nailed by its edges to a block of wood, when the ear of corn was rubbed on the rough edges of the holes, and the meal fell through on a board and was discharged into a bowl. The mortar has not been used in this county since 1827; but the grater was used as late as 1855. Hand mills came into use about 1820, and were better than the grater or mortar. They were made of two circular stones, placed in a hoop, and a staff was let into a hole in the upper runner, near the outer edge and the upper end, through a hole in a board fastened to the joist. Two persons could work at it at once. The grain was put in by hand. These mills are still in use in Palestine. It was a mill of this kind that Jesus Christ alluded to when, in speaking of the destruction of Jerusalem, he said: "Two women shall be grinding at a mill; the one shall be taken and the other left." The first horse-mill built in this county was built by Ragsdale Rollins, in 1817, on the north side of Phelps' Prairie. It was a new thing, and people went a long way to see it. In 1822, Solomon Snider removed it to the west side of Eight Mile. William Burns built the next one in 1819, in the Burns' Settlement. He also, in the same year, put up the first cotton-gin in the county.

The next cotton-gin was put up by Jonathan Herrin, on the Dilliard farm in 1825. At this time they used to go to "Harmony Town" Indiana, for carding. Delilah Har-

rison, mother of D. R. Harrison, remembers this occurrence well. About that time the Burns put up their mill, Martin Duncan built one on the north edge of Phelps' Prairie. Burns had improved his mill so that by 1830 he could grind twenty-five bushels of corn a day, and his boys would take meal on horse back to Equality, forty miles, and swap it for salt. In 1823 John Roberts put up a horse mill on his farm. In 1823 John Lamb built a mill on Herrin's Prairie, which was afterwards removed by Jasper Crain to Phelp's Prairie. About the year 1925, George Davis put up a mill on the Erwin farm, and in a few years Stephen Stilly built one at his residence. Soon after this McDonald built the first water or tub mill, on the Saline in the Tanner settlement. The next was built by George Davis. Seven years later, John Davis built the third, now known as the Sims mill. Still later, Stephen Blair put up a water mill on Big Muddy. In 1838 William Ryburn built a good horse-mill on the Eight Mile, and Yost built one in Marion. The first steam-mill was built by Milton Mulkey in Marion in 1845. The next by Erwin and Furlong, in 1856, at Crab Orchard. In 1862 Herrins, Polk and Harrison built the Herrin Prairie mill. In 1870, Mann and Edwards built a large woolen manufactory. Now the county is well supplied with both saw and flouring mills.

CHOLERA SWEPT COUNTY

This county has suffered less from pestilence, failures and drouth than any county in the state. The seasons are good, and people generally healthy. The doctor bills for the entire county do not exceed $40,000 a year. The cholera made its first appearance in July 1849, but caused only a few deaths. It re-appeared in 1866, and lasted for six weeks, during which over twenty-five persons were taken away, and the city of Marion vacated. Among the deceased were

the three beautiful Ferguson girls, ladies without parallel in all the arena of beauty and refinement. The small-pox has visited this county on several occasions, but never resulting in many deaths until 1873, when a good many died in the south side of the county. The mortality rate in this county, on a basis of population of 23,000 is three per cent.

WITCHCRAFT PRACTICED

The belief in witchcraft prevailed to a great extent in the east side of this county in an early day. To the witch was ascribed the usual powers of inflicting strange diseases destroying cattle by shooting them with a ball of hair, and inflicting curses and spells on guns. More ample powers for mischief can not be imagined. The means by which the witch inflicted these diseases were one of the hidden mysteries which no one but the witch understood; and no wonder, for there never existed any such power on earth.

The way they got to be witches was by drawing their own blood, writing their own names in it, and giving it to the devil, thus making a league with him. From 1818 to 1835, there were a great many witches in this county. The most noted one was an old lady by the name of Eva Locker, who lived on Davies' Prairie. She could do wonders, and inflict horrible spells on the young, such as fits, twitches, jerks, and such like; and many an old lady took the rickets at the mere sound of her name. When she inflicted a dangerous spell, the parties had to send to Hamilton county for Charley Lee, the great witch-master to cure them. This he did by shooting her picture with a silver ball and some other foolery. It was a nice sight to see this old fool set up his board and then measure, point and cypher around like an artillery man planting his battery, while the whole family were standing around veiled and with the solemnity and anxiety of a funeral.

None of the wizards of this county could do anything with Eva. They had to pale their intellectual fires and sink into insignificance before the great wizard of Hamilton County. When a man concluded that his neighbor was killing too many deer around his field, he would spell his gun, which he did by going out early in the morning, and, on hearing the crack of his rifle he walked backward to a hickory wythe, which he tied in a knot in the name of the devil. This rendered the gun worthless until the knot was untied, or it might be taken off by putting nine new pins in the gun and filling it with a peculiar kind of lye, corking it up and setting it away for nine days. One old man told me he tried this, and it broke the spell. He had drawn right down on a deer just before that, not over twenty steps distant, and never cut a hair. Cows, when bewitched, would go into mud holes and no man could drive them out; but the wizard, by laying the open Bible on their backs, could bring them out; or cut the curls out of their forehead and their tails off, and put nine pins in their tail and burn the curls with a poker. This would bring the witch to the spot, and then the matter was settled in the way our fathers settled their business. Witches were said to milk the cows of the neighbors by means of a towel hung up over the door, when the milk was extracted from the fringe. If such deviltry was practiced now-a-days, the parties would be arrested for stealing. In place of having a herd of bob-tailed cows, we have laws against cruelty to animals. There was an idea, too, that if you read certain books used by the Hardshell Baptists, that the devil would appear. Happily for the honor of human nature, the belief in those foolish and absurd pretentions has been discontinued, for forty years by an enlightened public. Medical science has revealed remedies for those strange diseases whose symptoms were so little understood. The spell has been broken from the gun

forever untying the knot of ignorance, and letting the light of reason flood the mind. The practice of finding water by means of a forked switch flourished from 1850 to 1860; but was so palpably silly that it died without opposition.

SUBSCRIPTION SCHOOLS

The first schools were taught by subscription, for three months during the fall. The first school house was built in 1825, and others soon followed. Some of the first school houses were built of gum logs, which sprouted and had tc be cleared about once a year. The first teachers taught spelling, reading and writing; but in 1840, a few fine scholars came into the county who understood grammer and arithmetic. The free-school law met a heavy opposition from some of our old men, and, notwithstanding our school system has exerted a powerful influence in civilizing the county, yet it is still defective. We want better talent in our teachers and more of it. A. N. Lodge, the present superintendent, has lifted up the sick form of our system, renovated and infused new life and destiny in it, until it is in a better condition than ever before; but it still needs talent.

SECRET ORDERS FEW

In 1833, Picayune Davis ran a clandestine Masonic lodge at his house, two miles west of Marion. He initiated everybody, and a gallon of whiskey was the fee. All the horse-thieves in the county belonged to this lodge, and in that day it was a powerful evil in shielding scoundrels and criminals.

In 1850, Fellowship Lodge of A. F. & A. Masons was chartered in Marion. Since then Chapter No. 100 has been chartered and a Council also. There are now five other lodges in the county. The Odd Fellows have five lodges in this county. In 1856 the Know-Nothings numbered about

one hundred. In 1862 the Golden Circle reached a membership of over eight hundred, and in 1864 the Union League numbered over twelve hundred. In 1872, the Ku-Klux numbered one hundred and thirty members; but the same year they were broken up,and did not meet again until 1874, when a few of them formed a Klan in the west side of the county. The Grange was introduced in 1874, and has since spread rapidly among our farmers.

LAND TITLES

Land was the object which brought our fathers into this wilderness, and they settled wherever they saw fit. Their first title to the land was the "Tomahawk Right," which was by blazing trees around the line, or cutting the name on a tree by a spring on the tract. The lands lay in an irregular shape, but all disputes were settled amicably. After the Government survey, the Tomahawk title became worthless; but the settler had the right of pre-emption.

TRADED AND BARTERED

The early settlers made no change in the county, and, consequently, there were no products. A people clothed in skins and depending on the products of the hunt and the spontaneous abundance of nature, could maintain existence and a rude social organization amid the forest, without manual labor. They lived rich in hope, but poor in worldly goods. Industry was consequently paralyzed by the absence of necessity. Agriculture was but little encouraged for a long time, either by the industry of the people or the policy of the times. It was limited to a few patches of corn and wheat, which were cultivated with wooden plows, and it was as late as 1830 before the farmers produced anything for market. Money was very scarce. When the few coins which the settlers brought with them had been ex-

pended in the purchase of guns and ammunition from Kentucky, and other places, they had nothing to buy the necessities of life with, say nothing of the luxuries. So, they by mutual consent, established a custom of bartering articles of property, either at "trade rates" or "cash price." Some articles were very valuable and others shockingly low. A gun from Tennessee was current at $25.00 in trade; a sow and pigs at $2.00; a cow, at from $4.00 to $8.00. Hamilton Corder once bartered horses with a man and got ten cows and calves to boot. Pretty large boot when we consider that the cows would now be worth more than both the horses. An ax was sold for $4.00, and a home made one at that.

So, anything that required a mechanic to produce was high, but such articles as required no skillful hand to produce, were very low. Hogs were scarce in an early day, and it was a long time before they got a start to raising them. They ran in the woods, and as late as 1850 nearly everybody had what he called his "wild hog claim." This claim entitled him to go into the woods and catch and mark every hog he could, once a year. These claims were negotiable, and were often bought and sold; but got very cheap before they were all extinguished. A wild-hog claim in Big Muddy, or Pond, or Crab-Orchard bottoms was at one time very valuable; but their conflicting claims were often the cause of animosities, feuds and riots among our people. Some one had marked hogs already marked, or some one had been stealing and selling, and so there was a continued feud and fuss. Then it was the great hive from which sprung the innumerable number of "hog thieves" which were so common here once. But they are all gone now. The extinguishment of the claims ushered in an era of peace; feelings of safety and friendship were enkindled. For the last sixteen years this county has annually produced 1,000 hogs

for market, about 1,000 head of beef cattle. During the war there were no less than 2,000 horses and mules bought in this county for Government service. It is also a sheep-producing country, and has some of the finest breeds in America. Among the mechanical productions, the first was the manufacture of hats by Aaron Youngblood, in an early day. This was followed by a shop at Bainbridge, run by Samuel Dunaway, who furnished hats for the whole country. Nearly everybody tanned their own leather. The tan-vat was a large trough, sunk to the upper rim in the ground, bark was pounded fine and put in. The hair was taken off with lime, and lard was used in place of fish oil to soften the leather, and soot to blacken it. All the shoes were home-made up to 1850; though the state of society called out every mechanical and inventive genius, yet the shoes would turn green in wet weather, and the soles try to get on top. Nearly all the wagons were made in the county, as were also the looms, wheels and farming tools.

Thousands of pounds of pennyroyal oil, mint oil, and sassafras oil are annually produced in this county. The first settlers raised a great amount of cotton for clothing. It was the main crop until 1840, when our people commenced to raise tobacco as a money crop. The usual crop of tobacco amounts to 1500 hogsheads, averaging 1500 pounds each. Cotton was extensively cultivated during the war, but now there is very little raised; the average is 400 pounds per acre. In ordinary seasons the wheat crop averages about 15 bushels per acre; corn about forty; hay about two tons per acre. Castor beans are also cultivated. And all kinds of fruits and berries have been propogated for over twenty years. Poultry is also a large source of income to our people. The sale of eggs alone reaches 40,000 dozen annually. In 1872, the Carbondale Coal and Coke Company was organized, with a capital stock of $50,000, and have been ship-

ping coal from Carterville, in this county, at the rate of 60,000 tons per annum.

The causes which led to the civilization and prosperity of this county deserve some consideration in this book. The state of society and the manners of the early settlers were indeed low enough; they were poor and illiterate, and addicted to the rude diversions which I have described. So little progress was made that, in 1826, sixteen years after the first settlement, the total value of the real and personal estate was only $19,500, or about the value of Goodall & Campbell's storehouse. No county in the state was settled on so little capital as was this. The immigrant generally paid his last money for crossing the Ohio. I have been unable to find a man in the county worth $1,000 until after 1830; but the increase since then has been marvelous. Today the county is worth over seven millions of dollars. The constant travel and intercouse with other counties gave a new current to public and private feeling, and new life to pursuit. The schools and the Gospel have had much to do in civilizing this county; but the enforcement of good laws has been the most effective means of making men better. As early as 1830, the huntsmen began to change their clothes for those of the farmer. The rude sports were giving place to the more noble ambition for mental endowments and skill in the arts. Industry took the place of idleness. The clamorous boast, the horrid oaths, the provoking banter and the biting sarcasm have given place to courtesy and a conversation enlivened by silence and chastened by moral culture. The three-legged stools, moggins, trenchers and wooden bowls gave way to the furniture of our day. The "tents," "lodges," "wigwams," "stockades" and "log-cabins" have given place to the splendid mansions that now adorn our county. The first cabins had the "stack" chimney, and in a few years, when man got able, he built another house to

the chimney, and that is why our log-houses are double and one larger than the other. The Benson House, in Marion, was of that kind.

The first brick house built in the county is in Schoharrie Prairie, and was built in 1840 by James M. Campbell. It is still standing, but the second story was blown down in May, 1876. It is in the most beautiful spot in the county, and ought to be haunted, because it does not decay. The powers of darkness must watch over it, and by invisible means, prop its crumbling walls and replace its falling brick. Schoharrie, so named from the fact that a band of disguised men were once whipping a hog-thief in it, and one of them kept crying out "Score him, Harry!" The next brick building was the Court House in 1841, and the Western Exchange, in 1842. The first business house in Marion was built by John (Bone) Davis, when the town was located. He was in such a hurry to sell whiskey that he bought a set of stable logs from A. T. Benson, and put up on the square, a few feet north of the well. When the town was surveyed he fell into the square and had to move. He used to fasten his door by filling it with poles. Sterling Hill's grocery was the next, and is still standing. D. L. Pully put up a grocery on the Westbrooks corner, and J. D. Pully built "Our House," on the west side. John Sparks put up a hat shop on the north-east corner. The first store in the county was kept at Bainbridge in 1818, by Mr. Kipp. The next by John Davis, on the Sampson Bell place, in 1821. Then Thompson put up one where Mr. Small now lives. Coffee was 75 cents per pound, and calico 50 cents per yard. Thompson was succeeded by Warren Spiller, and he by Cripps. In 1836 Hugh Parks put up a store where Crossley now lives. In the same year, Wm. Ryburn commenced keeping goods at the Hinchcliff farm. In 1830 John Davis opened out at Sarahsville, and in 1848 John H. Mulkey and

George Aiken went into business at Blairsville. In 1856 Oliver Herring had a store in Herrin's Prairie, and two years later, D. R. Harrison commenced in the same house, and is now one of the most wealthy and respectable citizens of the county. In 1857 Erwin and Furlong commenced business in Crab Orchard. The first store was put up in Marion by Joshua Mulkey in 1840, the next by Robert Hooper. Groceries were always plenty, the licenses varying from $25.00 in 1839 to $500.00 in 1864. There have been no saloons in the county, except at Carterville, since 1872. General Davis, who was one of the best friends the county ever had, ran a still-house and saloon until 1837, when John Newman got drunk and the hogs ate him; and in 1838, Essex Edmonson got drunk and rode off into the Saline and froze to death. About this time Davis went to the Legislature, and while there, heard A. Lincoln deliver a lecture on temperance. He came home and closed the door of his saloon forever. J. T. Goddard commenced selling merchandise in Bainbridge in 1841, and finally got to be one of the wealthiest men. Soon after Samuel Dunaway put up a store and is now the richest man in the county.

Marion was first incorporated in 1851, but soon ran down. Again in '56 but again ran down. Then in 1865 by special Act, and in 1873 organized as a city under the general laws of the State. It has now about 1,200 inhabitants, and has eight business houses, costing, on an average, $11,000.

Crab Orchard was incorporated in 1867, but two years afterwards disorganized. It has about 300 population.

Jeffersonville is a prosperous little village, in the north side of the county, commonly called "Shake Rag," so called from the fact that in an early day a man kept a "blind tiger" in a low, flat-roofed mud house there. When he had whisky he would stick a stick through the roof with a rag

on it. As parties ascended the hill on either side, they looked to see if the rag was shaking; if not, then there was no whisky. All the whisky of that day was of the meanest kind imaginable.

Carterville is a village of 500 citizens, which sprung up on the railroad, eight miles west of Marion, and was incorporated as a village in 1873.

The first printing office in the county was owned by W. H. Wileford, in 1838. He did all the printing for this country, and in 1850 he started the *Literary Monitor*, seven miles southeast of Marion. In 1854 was started the *Marion Intelligencer*, a Democratic paper; the *Democratic Organ* in 1860-1; and the *Marion Star* in 1866. In 1866, *Our Flag*, Republican. In 1867, *Old Flag*, Democratic. In 1868, *The Peoples Friend*, Democratic. In 1872, *Williamson County Progress*, Republican. In 1873, *Farmers' Advocate*, Independent. In 1874, *Marion Monitor*, Republican. In 1874, *Marion Democrat*, Democratic. In 1875, *Egyptian Press*, Democratic.

These papers were run for two or three years each except the *Marion Monitor* and *Egyptian Press*, which are now running, and then died for want of support. There are several good writers in the county. Among the most prominent lady writers are Mrs. M. M. Mitchell and Isabell Marschalk.

There have been four banks in this county—Agricultural Bank, Bank of Southern Illinois, in 1860, and Menahaway Bank, in 1863, Bolton Bank, in 1858.

The Agricultural Society of this county was organized May 2, 1857, with Willis Allen as President. It has since been kept up, and each year has added new proofs that the county is growing richer and better. The exhibition of the Society is second to none in Southern Illinois, except in ladies' textile work and works of art.

The Medical Association of this county was organized May 16th, 1875, by Drs. H. V. Ferrell, S. H. Bunday and A. N. Lodge, three of as learned and classic gentlemen as live in Southern Illinois. The Society now has a membership of twenty-eight, and is highly calculated to banish quacks and ignoramuses from the profession, and bring talent and science to the bedside of the sick.

During the summer months, from 1850 to 1872, there were a class of men in this county known as teamsters, who followed the business of hauling the products of the county to the railroads and river. In an early day nothing could be sent to market but such things as could walk. Ox teams were used up to 1866, when everybody commenced to use horses for teaming. This hauling got to be so extensive and costly that there was a general demand for a railroad. An Act passed the Legislature and was approved March 7th, 1867, incorporating the Murphysboro and Shawneetown Railroad Company, and in 1868, a petition signed by one hundred voters, as required by said Act, was filed with the County Clerk, asking the Court to submit a proposition of voting a subscription of $100,000 to the capital stock of said company, to the legal voters of the county. Speakers went out over the county during the canvass, and the people were led to believe that they were taking stock in a railroad company, on which they would annually draw a dividend more than sufficient to pay the interest on the bonds of the county. On the 3rd day of November, 1868, the proposition was voted upon, and resulted in 1779 votes for, and 108 against subscription. On the 12th day of December 1868, the Court made an order that the subscription should be paid in the bonds of the county, running for twenty years, bearing interest at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, payable annually at the office of the County Treasurer. But said bonds were not to be issued, bear date, draw interest, or be

delivered until the road was completed and the cars running on the same from Carbondale to Marion. Provided, if the road was not completed by the 1st day of January, 1870, this subscription was to be void. In the same order is found this language:

Whereas, the county of Williamson has this day subscribed $100,000 to the capital stock of the Murphysboro and Shawneetown Railroad Company. Now, therefore, for the purpose of securing the construction and early completion of said road, that this county make and enter into an agreement with the M. & S. R. R. Co., and that the said county in and by said agreement, sell to said Company the $100,000 stock. That the terms of said sale and agreement shall be in effect as follows: That when the certificates of stock shall have been issued by said Company to said county, the said county, after the said road shall have been completed, and within ten days after said Railroad Company shall have issued to said county the certificates of stock for said $100,000, assign, transfer and set over to said Company the certificates for said $100,000 stock so issued to said county for the consideration of five thousand dollars, to be paid to said county at the time of said transfer and assignments in the bonds of said county, issued to said Company in payment of the subscription.

On the 12th day of December 1868, Jesse Bishop and Addison Reece, on behalf of the county, and Samuel Dunaway as president of the M. & S. R. R. Company, entered into a contract in pursuance of the above order, to sell the stock. It was recorded at the December Special Term of the County Court. This contract was drawn up by Jesse Bishop. They did not claim to have any authority from the people for making this infamous contract, because they gave it as their reason for making it: "For the purpose of securing the construction and early completion of said road."

They did not make it in compliance with any law or vote of the people. It has since been urged as an excuse

for the sale, that it was best for the county, that the railroad company would have closed out the stock by mortgage bonds, and the county would have got nothing. That might be a good reason to give at this day; but I have copied the motives above, which actuated the Court in its action at the time. An Act passed by Legislature and was approved March 10, 1869, to change the name of the Murphysboro and Shawneetown Railroad Company to that of the Carbondale and Shawneetown Railroad Company, and to make valid the subscription and contract of sale of the County Court. By this Act it was declared that the County Court, should, on the completion of the road to Marion, set over and transfer the certificates of stock to the railroad company without the payment of the $5,000 or any sum. This Act further provided that the interest on the bonds should be paid semi-annually in New York, in place of at the county treasurer's office. It was contended in the railroad suit described hereafter, that this Act was unconstitutional, as being *ex post facto* and impairing the obligation of contracts.

On the 24th day of December, 1870, there was an order made by the Court, extending the time for the completion of the M. & S. R. R. to the 1st day of January, 1872, and also extending the time for the completion of a railroad from Carbondale to Marion, to the same time. It was contended, in the suit, that the County Court here recognized two railroad companies, and that the giving of the bonds to the latter that were voted to the former was not valid. It was also contended by the counsel in said suit that if the Act of March the 1st, 1869, was constitutional, it limited the time of the completion of said road to the 1st day of January, 1871, and it being an amended charter, could not be changed only by the Legislature. At the July special term, 1871, the Court adopted the form of a bond to be is-

sued to the company. At this same term, July 24th, the Court, with Spain as Judge, made an order, after reciting all the Acts of the Legislature, and the previous order of this Court, and reaffirming the subscription, that the County Clerk should procure one hundred bonds of one thousand dollars each, and that on presentation of the certificates of stock by the company, the bonds should be issued and placed in the hands of James W. Samuels, as trustee, to hold until the road was completed. On this same day the Carbondale & Shawneetown Railroad Company entered into a contract with E. C. Dawes & Co. to build said road. On the 4th day of September, 1871, the Court, after reciting the order of July the 24th, which stated that the bonds should bear date of January 1st, 1872, made an order that the bonds should be prepared in blank and bear date from the completion of the road, as they expected to have it completed before that date. Most people supposed that only $50.000 worth of stock would be taken when the road was completed to Marion, and but few of them knew anything about the "contract of sale;" but it had leaked out, and by the first of November, 1871, there was considerable talk of an injunction to keep the Court from issuing the bonds. The work was progressing rapidly, and Walter P. Hanchett, the agent of E. C. Dawes & Co., became very uneasy and on Sunday, November 6th, 1871, sent out a special messenger to bring in the County Court. They came in next morning, and were set upon all that day by Hanchett and his friends to sign the bonds and place them in the hands of a trustee to avoid the intended injunction from the citizens. Judge Spain and Associate Justice Holland were opposed to issuing the bonds until the road was completed. Manier, was for signing them.

About dark on Monday, the 7th, Hanchett and his friends got the Court together in a room over Goodall &

Campbell's store, and tried every way to get the bonds signed. About 12 o'clock in the night some one told Hanchett to send for R. M. Hundley, that he could get the Court to act. Hundley was sent for, and when he came up town he went to the Lanier Hotel, where Hanchett met him and told him what was up, and that his assistance was urgently solicited. Hundley told him he would let him know what he could do in from thirty to sixty minutes. Hundley then went over and had a talk with the Court, and then went back, asked Hanchett what it was worth to him to have those bonds signed that night. He said one thousand dollars. He then drew a draft on the Carbondale Bank for $1,000, and left Hundley, who immediately went home. The Court signed the bonds that night, and delivered them to W. N. Mitchell as trustee, he first giving $100,000 bond for their delivery when called for. These County Judges were not bribed, as would seem from this story, because they are honest, conscientious men; neither did Hundley attempt to bribe them; he simply got $1,000 to use his influence. That they ought not to have signed the bonds when they did is plain; but it was an undue influence and not corruption. Mitchell deposited the bonds in a bank at Springfield, and at the December adjourned term, 1871, the President and Directors of the railroad reported to the Court their acceptance of the road as complete from the contractors, E. C. Dawes & Co., and the Court ordered the bonds to be delivered to the company and receive the certificates of stock of $100,000.

On Sunday the 14th of January, 1872, five car loads of iron were brought to Marion, and on Monday, the 15th, the last rail was laid on the track; but the cars had been running to Marion for some time before. At the special term, being the 24th day of January 1872, the Court made an order authorizing the County Clerk to assign and transfer the

certificates of stock held by the county in the C. & S. R. R. Co., to E. C. Dawes & Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, excepting $10,000 of the stock, which was to be held by the Clerk until the railroad company should have completed to Crab Orchard, in this county, and by the contract the railroad company was to pay $5,000 for the certificates in the bonds issued by the county in payment of the subscription, and if they had done that there would have been only $95,000 in bonds outstanding. But they paid it in money, or at least $5,000 of interest on the $100,000 bonds. The $10,000 of certificates are still in the possession of the County Clerk, and we pay annually $8,000 of interest and another thousand for collecting and distributing it. At the March term of the Circuit Court, 1873, a bill "for injunction and relief" was filed by George Bulliner, W. M. Hindman, Henry Williams, George W. Sisney, Robert M. Allen and F. M. Maxey. The injunction was granted by the Master-in-Chancery, and stopped the Sheriff from collecting the railroad taxes, and the State Treasurer from paying the interest on the bonds. This case created a great deal of anxiety. The case was decided by Judge Crawford against the complainants, and a judgment of $1,000 was given against them for attorney's fees. An Appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, and the judgment below affirmed.

In 1872, Colonel J. C. Willis, president of the St. Louis & Paducah Rail Road Company, made an earnest effort to get assistance from this county in building a road, but failed to accomplish anything. On the 18th day of June, 1870, a vote was taken for or against subscribing $100,000 to the capital stock of the Belleville & Southern Illinois Railroad Company, resulting in favor of subscription. The Court made an order that the subscription should be paid in the bonds of the county, running for 30 years, with 8 per cent. interest per annum. Provided, the work on the road com-

menced by the 1st of January, 1871, and be completed to Marion on or before the 1st day of January, 1872; but the Court reserved the right of extending the time. And at the December adjourned term, 1871, the time was extended to the first of January, 1873; and again in December, 1872, the time was extended to the first of January, 1874. This is the last order made in the case, and of course the subscription can not now be taken. Had they built the road within the time, I doubt not but the same infamous dealings would have been played on our people, and this county would have had a debt of $200,000 wrongfully fastened upon it, instead of $100,000.

The Carbondale and Shawneetown Railroad is 17 miles long, and cost $583,407.12, and has a funded and unfunded debt of $275,890.15. For the year ending June 30th, 1875, it transported 38,959 tons of freight. The road has been honestly and fairly operated; and has been a great benefit to our county; but it is not right in principle for a majority to force an unwilling minority to contribute to the building up of a private person or corporation. It is right in public matters, but in private concerns their own consent ought to be obtained to make them partners or contributors.

OF CRIMINALS.

I have now come to that division of my subject which must be more interesting to our neighbors than any other. And it is but fitting that I make a few egotistical preliminaries. I do not present this volume with the venal soul of a servile author, looking for competence or public favor. I was born a farmer, and am therefore independent. But so long as I claim the name of a citizen with my illustrious countrymen, a lasting obligation rests on me to assist in diffusing knowledge, elevating the standard of moral culture, rendering crime odious, and fastening the feelings of

friendship on our people. I have intended this feeble effort to lead in that direction. I have known this people from childhood. I believe, sublimated by education, they are capable of attaining nobler heights than has usually been ascribed to the people of "Egypt." I not only glory in my birth-place, but pass encomiums on the country, and say to the world that from my knowledge of the public spirit of our people, I can expect protection, honest dealing and liberty in Williamson County. Linked to her by historic associations and proudly treasuring the memories of my fathers, the clearest duty of a modest youth like myself, whose unruly and turbulent boyhood has been subdued in the presence of this heroic people, is to assist in tearing down the curtains of darkness which hang like a mighty incubus around the crushed form of my native county, and bury them in the deep pit of contempt, where our citizens can stand by their grave forever and mutter thanksgivings to God, and invite an unsophisticated world to look with joy and pride upon a country redeemed from crime, and sparkling with brilliant gems of innocence and virtue. If I could roll back the scroll of time, and wipe from its damning record the terrible scenes of blood which have bespangled it, and restore the lives of the murdered dead, I would consider it my bounden duty, though I sailed with bloody sails on the seas of grief. But that scroll has been sealed for eternity, not to be unrolled until the echo of impartial justice shall resound in the sunlit chambers of Paradise. I make this effort, prompted by motives, to assist in redeeming, if possible, our county from under the judgment against her, and prove to the world that our community is not composed of outlaws and cut-throats, but of a highly intellectual, honorable and moral people. I could wish to write a history by which the reader would be car-

ried along the happy gales of pleasure, and never be drifted back into the dark and bitter troubles, but I can not. Crime has darkened our county, like the shadows darken the earth, and our happiness has come to us only in fragments and detached parts. We have just passed through the deepest and crowning calamity of our history. Never was there such a shock to the feelings and sentiments of our people as the Vendetta caused. None believed that there was a heart so steeped in guilt as to conceive such crimes, nor a hand that dare commit the atrocious deeds. And yet I have to catalogue the deeds of the Vendetta, concocted by leaders and executed by fiendish emmisaries, that has not a parallel in the record of crime. Here were men at whose blood-thirstiness even savages would blush, which brands them forever as the basest and bloodiest of incarnate demons.

Tacitus said: "Shame, reproach, infamy, hatred and the execrations of the public, which are the inseparable attendants on criminal and brutal actions, are no less proper to excite a horror for vice, than the glory which perpetually attends good actions is to inspire us with a love of virtue." "And these, according to Tacitus," says Rollin, "are the two ends which every historian ought to propose to himself, by making a judicious choice of what is most extraordinary, both in good and evil, in order to occasion that public homage to be paid to virtue which is justly due it, and to create the greater abhorrence for vice on account of that eternal infamy that attends it."

Plutarch says: "But as to actions of injustice, violence and brutality, they ought not to be concealed nor disguised." Rollin himself has written, "If the virtues of those who are celebrated in history may serve us for models in the conduct of our lives, their vices and failings on the other hand are no less proper to caution and instruct us, and

the strict regard which an historian is obliged to pay to truth, will not allow him to dissemble the latter through fear of eclipsing the former."

Addison has said, "The gods in bounty work up storms about us, that give mankind occasion to exert their hidden strength and throw out into practice virtues which shun the day." If these virtues are worthy of record, the conditions which generated them are certainly proper for study. This necessitates a history of the storms which the gods work up around us. By reading which, others are about to get sootiness and filth from the smoke and flames of incipient storms may take alarm and wash in the river of peace and come out white as pearls." Who that reads this record of crime will not appeal to their ruler of human fates below, and record their protests in heaven above against such slaughter! I ask my countrymen if crimes that have sunk a county to the incandescent crater of perdition, ought not to be remedied. If you could cable the lightning from heaven, until its fiery forks kissed the flaming waves of hell you would see nothing in its angry flames, as they zigzag athwart the pit of woe, throwing up a lurid glare, but the spectral mirage of murder ever standing up as a blazing memento that "sin is death." I am justified by the great writers I have mentioned in giving the meanest as well as the noblest actions of my countrymen. If I write of the guilty with merciless hands, from a heart as responsive comes spontaneously praise for the innocent. If not as eloquent and touching, yet as warm, as full, as sincere, as such a tribute deserves. If you are sad at the deeds of bloody men, you will be buoyant at the faithfulness and heroism of virtuous men. I expect out of a succession of events which possess all the traits of tenderness, splendor, honor, crime and debauchery to write a romance without its exaggerations. It is a small difficulty to select an event,

and swell it into a great tale, by fabulous appendages and spectral productions; for he who forsakes the truth may easily find the marvelous; but who is improved by it?

Samuel Johnson says: "Where truth is sufficient to fill the mind, fiction is worse than useless." Again, "The counterfeit debases the genuine." I am not writing a record of passions and prejudices, but of facts, with the wrappings taken off, so that they can be seen as they are. Though some of them are crimes that would make the bailifrs of hades blush and turn pale, others are heroic acts that would sweep the zones of misery away. I have abused no innocent man, nor palliated the guilt of none; but have intended that my whole course should savor of fairness and candor, more than anything else. Some have used strong arguments against our county, but I have not evaded the force of their reasoning where I was unable to refute it, either by a sweeping contempt for those who use it, or by charging them with misrepresentation, or by endeavoring to swing off the mind of the reader on some incidental point to the real condition of our county. To enter the arena of controversy with the great champions of crime, or even the little champions, is entirely beyond my ambition. Had that been my object it might have long since been effected. I do not care what this or that party may think of my feeble efforts. I feel very little anxiety or solicitude on that subject. I have written the truth as near as I know it, and will leave the result to the arbitrament of public opinion. I have often been asked if I was not afraid that I would be killed if I wrote a history of the Vendetta. I answer, no! I have been personally acquainted with most of the supposed members of the Vendetta from childhood, and am a friend to all of them. I went to each one of them and asked him to tell me all he knew about the Vendetta, and each of them told me fully, fairly, hon-

estly and I believe truthfully, all I wanted to know. These people are all friendly now, and as gentlemanly as I ever met. Many of them I love and esteem, and to incur their ill-will is by no means desirable; but to court their favor at the expense of the truth or right principle would render me guilty in the sight of God, and contemptible in the estimation of all good men. Since they were so kind as to give me information enough to write the whole truth. I deem it unkind and unjust to step aside from historic facts to hurl the shafts of envy, hatred and malice at any of them. Surely they have borne enough already, and I am satisfied that if no man gets inflamed at this volume higher than these young men, I will still be safe living in Williamson County.

Twenty-two of these parties are young men like myself, and I know of no country where finer-looking, honester, friendler or more sociable young men can be found. I associate with them with pleasure. Many of them are my lasting friends, and I will not denounce them because they have been charged with crimes of which they were not guilty. For the guilty I have nothing but charity; yet some of them committed the high crime of murder without excuse. I shall commence with the first homicide that occurred in the county, and give a brief sketch of each one as it occurred, up to the present time. Of the smaller offenses I have taken no notice, though they have been quite numerous and interesting. Some of them have been riots in which two or three men have been badly wounded. I estimate the number of assaults to murder that have occurred in this county at 285. Assaults with a deadly weapon, at 495; larceny, 190; rape, 15; burglary, 22; perjury, 20.

The first homicide occurred in 1813. Thomas Griffee was trying to shoot a bear out of a tree where the old courthouse burned down in Marion, and he saw an Indian aim-

ing his gun at the same bear. Griffee leveled his rifle at the Indian and shot him dead.

The next murder occurred in 1814. Thomas Griffee had a man working in a saltpeter cave for him, by the name of Eliott, who was a little colored. He came into Griffee's one Saturday night, and a surveyor by the name of John Hicks raised a fuss with him, and stabbel and killed him. Hicks then ran away, and at that moment a band of Indians came up to Griffee's from the camp at Bainbridge, and wanted to go in pursuit of Hicks, but Griffee would not let them go. Next morning Griffee and John Phelps started in pursuit of Hicks; they came on to him at the Odum Ford, and Hicks snapped his gun at Griffee's breast, but was taken. They took him to Kaskaskia, where the nearest Justice of the Peace lived, and he was "whipped, cropped and branded," and let go.

In 1818 a friend of Isaac Herrin came to this county and found a man dead at the Stotlar place, unwept and unknown. This man was doubtless murdered by the Indians, and if so, was the only one ever killed by them in this county.

The next murder occurred in 1821 in Rock-Creek Precinct, and was committed by Henry Parsons. It was late one evening, when the trees were robed in the regalia of Spring, and the great molten orb was quenching itself in the wild winds as they came sweeping against the rolling reach of upland, and the gentle mist was seemingly set to eddying by the rough elements, that this ruffian went walking down a little brook; his keen, restless eye kept a constant look-out, he saw a man through the deep, green foliage, sitting on a log across the brook. He fired on him, and the unknown hunter slipped off the log into the water, never to rise again. Parsons buried him and his gun. He used to give as an excuse for this murder, that the Indians

had murdered his father, and he intended to kill every one of them he could find, and he thought this man was an Indian. There never came a more infamous devil out of the legions of horrid blackness than this man Parsons. I give a sketch of him from the mere love of relief. He lived unmatched in the history of villainy; he did not seek wealth, but lived in the woods. He was a cold, calculating miscreant. His passions had no touch of humanity, and his brutal ferocity was backed by a kind of brutal courage. Like an animal, he never pardoned an affront or rivalry, and to be marked in his tablets on either account, was a sentence of death. But still he was really a coward, and pulled the trigger of death with a hand that shook. His crimes were all cold-blooded, and not chargeable to passion. Free from rules and reckless of life, feeling no kindness for aught that was human, hated and dreaded by men, detested and shunned by women, he would lay around Davis' Prairie and kill Indians. With him the chambers of mercy had no relenting toward these blighted men of earth, but as a wasp is ever ready to inflict her sting, so was he ready to commit the crime of murder.

On one occasion A. Keaster met him on the prairie, and he threw up his gun and told Keaster to stop, which he did. Soon after he heard the keen crack of his rifle, and then met him again. Parsons told him he had just killed a bear back there and he could have it. But Keaster knew too well that down in the dark, thick bushes lay an innocent red man weltering in his own blood. The little birds of different species flew across the open space and back again turning and whirling in manifold gyrations over the scene, where the ineffable glories of sunset had been insulted by bloody murder. What a scene was this! an innocent, untaught man lying wounded in the bushes, dreading the return of his slayer! What a thrill of joy would have elec-

trified his soul to have seen a helping hand! Alone with his God and the winds and trees and flowers and birds, he died. The traces of his blood are hidden by the bushes and tall grass, but so long as Nature knows her own lament, will the cries of this murdered man be borne on the wild winds of heaven. I can not contemplate the character of a man but with astonishment that can look with fiendish complacency on the bleeding form of a brother man slain.

In 1823, Parsons killed Parson Crouch. They lived on the Crab Orchard, near the Cal. Norman bridge, and Parson bought Crouch's improvements, and was to have possession as soon as convenient; but Parsons got in a hurry, and told Crouch he must get out by Saturday night, or he would get stung with the "yeller jacket," a name for his gun. Crouch went to Equality that week for salt, and when he got within a quarter of mile of home, as he was driving along in a bit of dark and lonely forest, this sleuth hound shot him dead, from behind a tree. He was found with his pockets full of toys for his little children. Parsons went to D. Odum's, threw down his gun and demanded a horse. Odum was afraid to refuse him, and he left the country. The whole country was raised and went in pursuit, but never overtook him. He went to Tennessee, and one of his sons came to this county years afterwards and said that a black dog had always followed his father, so that he could see no peace. He died a violent death. Thus "doth Providence with secret care often vindicate herself," and justice is continually done on the trial stage of life.

In 1833, James Youngblood was at a rock quarry, on the Saline, and was making his dog kill a snake, when Gideon Alexander appeared on the bluff above and shot him through the breast. Youngblood rose and attempted to shoot Alexander, but fainted. Alexander ran down to him, helped him home, and protested that he saw nothing

but a white spot down through the foliage, and thought it was a deer's tail. He waited on Youngblood constantly, and paid all bills. Youngblood lived five or six years, but finally took to bleeding at the bullet hole, and died on the cold, damp dirt of his cabin. This was a curious case. Nothing was ever done with Alexander for this foul murder.

In 1841, Jeremiah Simmons got into a fight with J. G. Sparks, in Marion. William Benson, constable, interfered and stopped it. Simmons then commenced on Benson. The latter started home, Simmons ran after him with a knife; Andrew Benson came up at the time, ran up to Simmons and asked him to stop. Simmons looked over his shoulder and saw who it was, and stabbed backward, striking him in the abdomen, from which he died. Simmons made his escape. Benson offered five hundred dollars reward and the Governor two hundred dollars for his arrest. In about six months he wrote to his wife and was detected and brought back from Iowa by Benson. He was tried and acquitted. His counsel was General Shields and General McClernand.

In 1854, John Mosley killed James Burnett, by striking him on the head with a club. The difficulty arose over a dog fight. Mosley ran away and was captured in Missouri by hounds following his trail. He was tried and sentenced for six years, but after one year's confinement was pardoned.

George Ramsey shot and killed Jack Ward in 1859. They had run a horse race, and Ward had won it, which made Ramsey mad.He threw a rock at Ward, then when Ward started towards him, shot him dead and ran away, and has never come back.

In 1859, John Ferguson, then a boy, went out into the country and found Ellen Reed lying in bed sick, when he shot her dead. He said his father had too much business

with her. He ran away, and years afterwards came home and soon died.

In the same year, an unkown man was found hanging dead on the Crab Orchard, south of Marion. The facts about it were never known, but suspicion rested heavily on a man who lived near by in the bottom, at that time.

In the spring of 1861, an Irishman passed the house of R. T. McHaney, four miles east of Marion; McHaney came up about that time and found that the man had insulted his wife. He got his gun and shot the unknown Irishman dead. He was tried and acquitted on the ground of defending his family.

In 1862, Reuben Stocks, a soldier in the Seventy-Eighth Illinois Volunteers, had been transferred to a gun-boat and furloughed home; he brought several of the boys with him and conducted himself rather offensively to some people. One day he was in Blairsville, and fell in with the "Aikin gang," some of whom he treated roughly. That night some men went to his house, on the Eight Mile, and called him up, telling him that they wanted him to go back to the gun-boat. When he went to the door, they shot him full of buckshot, from which he soon died. The perpetrators of this murder have never been discovered.

In 1862, when the One-Hundred and Twenty-Eighth Regiment left this county, and got to the Crab Orchard bridge, in Jackson county, Terry Crain got into a difficulty with John Burbridge, and struck him on the head with a stone, from which he died. Crain was not indicted until October 1875. He was arrested and admitted to bail on *habeas corpus*, in the sum of $15,000. In August 1876, he was tried, convicted and sentenced to fifteen years' confinement.

In this same year, William Stacey stabbed and killed Henderson Tippy. They were boys, bathing in the Crab

Orchard, near Marion, and got to fighting. Stacey was acquitted.

In December 1862, James Baker was assassinated in Bainbridge Precinct. He walked out one night and was shot dead with a shot gun. It was thought that this was done because he was telling where deserters were.

In 1863, James Emerson, an ardent Republican, was assassinated while hunting his horses in the woods, near Blairsville. No cause for his murder is known, unless it was his politics. The assassin is unknown.

After George Aikin was frustrated in his efforts to sell out the One-Hundred and Twenty-Eighth, at Cairo, he went to Missouri, and got Allen Glide and Charley Glide, and came back here. These, and his son John Aikin, are the ones supposed to compose the "Aikin Gang." This gang flourished here in the spring of 1863, in the north part of the county, during which time several murders were committed, and no less than fifty of our citizens robbed. Dr. Bandy was taken out and whipped unmercifully, and George Cox was attacked in his house and fired on several times. This band soon got so large that it became unwieldy, and they got to stealing horses. Several of them were arrested, tried and bailed and left the country. Among the men arrested was James Cheneworth.

In 1863, six men in disguise of soldiers went to Daniel Robertson's, in Lake Creek Precinct, and told him he must go with them to hunt a deserter. He said he would if they would go by for his brother, Joseph. They did so. About one and one-half miles from Joseph's, one man fired on Daniel, the ball striking him in the forehead, and he fell dead. Then, all six fired on Joseph, shooting four holes in his clothing, but he jumped from his horse and made his escape. They turned back, went to Peter Wascher's, and

fired at him, and he at them, and he escaped. It was supposed to be some of his gang.

In 1863, James Stilly was killed by Ben Batts. The latter was working in his field, and Stilly came to him and they got into a fight, when Batts killed him with a hoe, and ran away.

In the same year, William Moulton was killed by some unknown assassin. Joshua McGinnis, Dock Dickson, Thomas Murray and Henry Norris were arrested for this offense, but there being no evidence, they were acquitted. McGinnis may have been guilty, but the others were not.

One morning in 1864, Samuel Moore was found dead at the door of a saloon in Jeffersonville. Parties had been drinking late the night before, and some one had killed him with a club. A man by the name of Washum was indicted, tried and acquitted; and his blood is unexpiated to this day.

During this year, Vincent Hinchcliff shot and killed James Pickett, a young lawyer of Grassy Precinct, at Blairsville. Pickett was appearing in a case against the administrator of William Hinchcliff's estate, and he and Vincent got into a fight, with the result I have mentioned. Vincent was tried and acquitted on the ground of self-defence.

The last homicide of this year occurred on the 24th day of March. Several of the Parkers and Jordans got into a general fight in Marion, over an old feud, and William C. Parker shot and killed Richard Jordan. Two or three others were wounded. Parker ran away and has never been caught.

In 1865, Isham Canady was shot and killed, in Marion, under circumstances of such a justifiable nature, as to render the homicide almost an improper incident for a catalogue like this, because the killing was not the result of malice, but of a combination of circumstances which made

it absolutely necessary at the very moment. The defendant was tried and acquitted on the ground of self-defense.

The next homicide of the year was that of Christopher Howard, who was assassinated near Herrin's Prairie, on Sunday, by some unknown villain, supposed to be on account of politics. He was a Republican.

In 1866, William L. Burton and Samuel McMahan were both shot and killed in a general fight in Sulphur Springs. The fight grew out of politics. They were both Republicans. Dixon B. Ward was indicted for the killing, but there was no evidence of his guilt and he was acquitted.

In 1867, Horace Sims and John Latta got into a rough-and-tumble fight, at Sim's Mill, on the Saline, and Sims stabbed Latta in the thigh, from which he bled to death. Sims was tried and acquitted on the grounds of self-defense, he being on the bottom at the time.

During this year, John Cheneworth was assassinated in the woods, near his house, in Herrin's Prairie. He was not found until several days after. Mr. Cheneworth was a still, quiet gentleman. William Chitty and one of his sons were arrested for the crime, but there was not a shadow of evidence against them.

At the November election, 1868, a shooting scrape occurred between the Stanleys and Cashes, in Southern Precinct, in which several shots were fired, and Wm. Stanley was killed. Isiah Cash was accused of the crime, but the evidence tended to show that another man was guilty. This was an old family feud, warmed up by politics, the Stanleys being Republicans. In 1870 Isiah Cash was driving along on his wagon, when he was assassinated, fourteen buckshot piercing his body. His slayer has never been known, but enough is known to say that suspicion has rested on the wrong man.

One summer night in 1868, Charles McHaney and a

boy by the name of Rogers got into a fight, five miles east of Marion, when Rogers stabbed and killed McHaney. He was tried and acquitted on the ground of self-defense.

In 1869, George Mandrel, a lunatic in Northern Precinct, met his father in the road and slew him with an axe. The scene was a bloody one, and Mandrel's lunacy is the only thing that saved his neck.

On the first day of January, 1869, Samuel Cover shot and killed Phillip Thompson Corder in Marion. The difficulty arose about a difficulty between Cover and a brother of Corder's. Corder was striking at Cover with brass knuckles, when he was shot. Cover was then put in jail to keep him from being mobbed. He was afterwards tried and acquitted on the ground of self-defense.

On the first day of December, 1868, William Barham shot and killed Andrew J. Lowe, in Marion. Barham was a young man, afflicted with lunacy, and while in this condition stepped into Mr. Lowe's saloon, and shot him in the forehead. Barham was arrested by B. F. Lowe, and lodged in jail. On the 7th day of September, 1869, he broke jail and escaped. Five years afterwards he was betrayed by a young lady in Tennessee, and arrested by Thomas Ballou, and brought to Marion. He was tried, found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced for one year.

In 1870, Thomas Pinkey White, a prominent citizen of Herrin Prairie, was seen crossing his field in his shirt sleeves. He was never seen again. At the back of the field where he went out, were signs of violence—a little blood and the tracks of two horses from there to Muddy River. It is evident that he was assassinated, but there are some who do not share this opinion. No cause for his running away was known to exist to anybody. He was an outspoken Republican, and his conduct in this line made him some enemies.

In 1871, Mastin G. Walker, an old and respected citizen of this county, living seven miles northeast of Marion, was met on his farm by a ruffian, beaten over the head with a barrel of a gun, and slain. John Owen, an old man (one of his neighbors, with whom he had some trouble about land), was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced for twenty-five years to prison; and is now at Joliet.

In 1871, Valentine Springhardt got into a difficulty at a mill in Marion, and was struck on the head with a large wrench and killed. The defendant gave himself up and was afterwards tried and acquitted on the ground of self-defense.

On the 15th day of April 1872, Isaac Vancil, the first white man born in this county, a man seventy-three years old, living on Big Muddy, was notified to leave the county or suffer death. He did not obey the order, and on the night of the 22nd, ten men in disguise of Ku-Klux, rode up to the house, took him out about a mile down the river bottom, and put a skinned pole in the forks of two saplings and hung him, and left him hanging. Next morning he was found, and all around was still, blank and lifeless. I suppose that it must be a source of but little satisfaction to that infamous herd of desperate men to look upon that horrible scene, and feel and know they are the guilty authors. They are hid from the face of men, but a just, certain, inexorable retribution awaits them. In the last day, God will make requisition for the blood of Vancil, which has stained Heaven with its vulgar blot. Until then we must submit to the arbitrament of time, and calmly wait with patience and resignation the unbiased inquest of the future.

I know nothing of Ku-Klux, but conclude that they are bound by abhorrent oaths, for a squadron of devils could not drive them from their allegiance. It is a hard thing for a man to swear blind allegiance and implicit ser-

vitude to a master over both soul and conscience, and never again feel the pure, untainted, dashing blood of freedom course his natural veins. Who can succumb to such a disgraceful yoke? Leon in his holy indignation could make no greater demand than this. A den of these infernal demons holding their hellish, midnight revelry, with their blood-shot eyes glaring with untold crimes, and their haggard visages bloated with an impress that tells of woe and mean distress, must be a nice gathering! It may be that some old bridge, on some lone creek, could tell a tale of a soul in mortal straight, and the constellation of the weeping Hades dropped tears on a scene like this, where the trees have plead for mercy for some other man in the clutches of these men, sneaking, low-down, white-livered scoundrels. Vancil was an honest, hard-working man, but had some serious faults. Still, God gave an equal right to live and none the right to deal death and ruin in a land of peace. Soon after his death eighteen men were arrested in Franklin county, charged with the murder; but were acquitted. Pleasant G. Veach, Francis M. Gray and Samuel Gossett were then arrested in this county, and admitted to bail in Benton. In a few days, Jesse Cavens, Wm. Sansom, Samuel Sweet, Jonas G. Ellett and John Rich, of this county, were arrested and lodged in jail at Marion. In eighteen days, Ellett and Gossett were bailed, and the others sent to Perry County jail, where they remained until December, when they were all tried in Franklin county, on change of venue, and acquitted. Some of these parties were indicted in the United States Court at Springfield, under the Ku-Klux Act, but all came clear. Colonel Ambrose Spencer prosecuted them, and he was, on the 6th of January 1873, arrested for having them falsely imprisoned, and put in jail himself for a short time, and Jonas G. Ellett got $4,000 damages against him in this county.

In 1872, James Myers was hauling, near his house on the Eight Mile, when he was shot from behind a tree with a shot-gun. He was taken to his house, and Samuel Tyner, one of his step-sons, with whom he had had a few words, was there and asked him what he could do for him. Myers told him to go for a doctor. He went to Dr. Hinchliff and told him where Myers was shot, when he had no time to find out. He had the day before borrowed a gun from Dr. Hinchliff, and it was found the next day where he had hid it. Young Tyner was arrested and admitted to bail. Myers not being dead, he ran away and has never been found. Myers died soon after.

In August 1872, Richard Allison shot and killed Samuel Absher, in a fight which arose about some chicken-coops, in Rock Creek Precinct. Allison ran away, and has never been caught. He stands indicted for manslaughter.

In April 1873, Francis M. Wise and William Newton, of Saline, were riding along the highway together. They had bartered mules, and Wise wanted to rue, but Newton would not. Wise then shot him dead from his horse and made his escape. He is indicted for the crime of murder.

In 1874, James Gibbs and Dock Burnett, two young men, got into a fight at a party, seven miles south of Marion. They agreed to fight fair, and walked out with seconds. Burnett had a knife handed to him, with which he stabbed and killed Gibbs. Young Gibbs stood up and fought desperately with his fist, while Burnett was cutting him to pieces. He fell, and a cry went up to Heaven from the more tender-hearted in the crowd, at the cruel murderous exhibition. Burnett fled the county, and a reward of $500 was offered for his arrest.

September 17, 1874, Stewart Culp, a respectable citizen of this county, was on his way from De Soto, when he was shot and killed. He lay in his wagon with his head

and one arm hanging out. His neck seemed to be broken. His horses went home with him in that condition. Nothing is known of his murderers.

During this same year, William Meece, was assassinated by Samuel Keeling, who shot him in the back at church in Northern Precinct. They were both young men, and had had a fight a few days before. Keeling escaped, and one year afterwards he was arrested in Kansas by John Fletcher, and brought back to Marion. He changed the venue in his case to Saline county, and was tried and sentenced for life to prison.

The next homicide that occurred in this county was that of Capt. James B. Murray, who was walking along a street in Marion, when he came to where Leander Ferrell was sitting. He made a halt, and was fired on by Ferrell. Several shots were exchanged between them, and Murray fell, mortally wounded, and died next morning. Ferrell was arrested and bailed on *habeas corpus*, and was tried in 1876, and acquitted of manslaughter. Murray was a large, powerful man, cool and deliberate, but a man of the greatest courage. Ferrell has been a quiet, peaceful citizen. They had several difficulties before, in which Murray came near killing Ferrell.

In the summer of 1876, John Kelly and Samuel Lipsy got into a fight in Carterville, and Kelly stabbed Lipsy in the back. Lipsy afterwards died, and it is now claimed from the effects of the wound. Kelly is in jail awaiting a trial.

I have now come to those troubles which were known as

"The BLOODY VENDETTA,"

And first, I will give an account of the families that have been suspected of belonging to the Vendetta. And first of the Russells: Philip T. Russell, who settled on the

Eight Mile Prairie in 1817, brought with him three sons, James, Samuel and Jefferson. Jefferson Russell's family consisted of himself and wife, and eight children: Harriet, Winifred, Scott, Nancy, Adelade, Mary, John R., Thomas J., and Hope. Four of these girls are married, but none of this family have been implicated in the Vendetta but Thomas. They are among our wealthiest and most respectable farmers, possessing good intelligence and education, and none of them ever did anything to bring reproach upon themselves, except it was Thomas. They live in the center of the Eight Mile, on the west side of the county, in a large residence, surrounded by the conveniences of life.

The Sisney family consisted of George W., who first married Panina Brown, and had four children who are now living: Winfield S., John, George W., Jr., and Martha Jane. The latter is now eighteen years old. Mrs. Sisney died in 1863, and Sisney then married Miss Fredonia Williams, who now has four small children. Winfield married Miss Malissa Williams; John Miss Molie Higgins; George, Jr., Miss Hannah Tippy. Sisney was a man of more than ordinary ability; was medium size and compactly built, dark complexion, a very passionate and fearless man, but high-toned, generous and open-hearted. He served as captain in the Eighty-First Illinois Volunteers, and was one of the number who volunteered to run the blockade at Vicksburg. In 1866 he was elected Sheriff, and again ran in 1874, but was defeated. At his death he had accumulated property to the amount of several thousand dollars. In 1872 he wrote some sensible articles against the stock law, and argued that it would benefit him, but would be a hardship on the poor farmers. The young Sisneys received common school educations and stand well in this county for honesty and fair dealing.

Of the Hendersons, Joseph Henderson of Kentucky,

had three sons who came to this county: William, Joseph W., and James. William has seven children: Felix, James. Pad, John, Emma, Margaret and Nancy. Margaret and Nancy are married. Joseph W. has six children: Samuel, William, Thomas, Synoma, Lucy and Dike. James had but one child, Granite, eleven years old. Joseph W. came to this county in March, 1864, and William, March of 1865. Samuel and James, Jr., served four years in the Twentieth Kentucky Union Volunteers. James, Sr., the leader, was born on the head-waters of Blood River, Kentucky, and was forty-four years old when he was killed. He was raised on a farm, but never worked one until he came to this state. When a boy, he drove a team, and one day got drunk, and from that day until his death he never drank a drop of liquor. He then went to Missouri, and then to Texas, and back to Kentucky, and lived with his brother William. In 1851 he went to California, and remained seven years, and came back to Kentucky with $6,000, and followed buying and selling notes until 1860, when he went to peddling tobacco; his brother John manufacturing it. Felix G. traveled with him all over the Southern States. In Guntown they saw seven men hung for opinion's sake. James' indignation was excited, and he declared he would go home and join the Union army. He left his bills uncollected, and went to Paducah and got permission to raise a company. This company he raised by going around in the bushes at night. The gun-boats met him, by agreement, up the river, and took his company to Paducah, and he joined the Twentieth Kentucky Infantry. He then went up the river and captured the Agnew ferry-boat, which he piloted down the river himself. But, not being a pilot, it sometimes took the brush on him. After four months' service, he procured a substitute and started out with five men as a spy. On this raid he captured eleven rebels, and among them, Captain

Bolen, who now lives in Paris, Henry County, Tennessee. He next acted as guide, and conducted General Smith's brigade to Fort Henry. After this he left the army, and moved into Massac county, Illinois. Here he remained one year, and then joined the Fifth Iowa Cavalry as guide, in which capacity he served for eight months, and was then guide for General Lowe. He was in a skirmish at Clarksville, and in chasing one man whom he knew, shot at him, and cut a lock of hair from his head, which he picked up and kept. The man came to Marion with Hendricks, from Kentucky, when he had a suit against Henderson, and they had a hearty laugh over it. While he was with the Fifth Iowa he took a few men and went out from Fort Henry where a man was harboring five rebels. When Henderson got there they were all in the lot but Captain Ozburn, of Callaway County, Kentucky, who was standing at the gate. Henderson told him to surrender, Ozburn said nothing, but drew his revolver, when Henderson shot him, and walked up to him, and Ozburn fell into his arms. Henderson not thinking he was hurt, again called on him to surrender. Poor Ozburn surrendered his life to his Maker, and sank, and died at his feet. He came to this county February 1864, and in October bought the land, then in the woods, on which he died. Henderson was a large man, weighing over two hundred pounds, and without doubt the most powerful man, physically, in this county. He could not read, but was a coherent thinker; shrewd, cunning, and cautious; a man of but few words, but pleasant and child-like in manners, making him a very safe friend, but a dangerous enemy. Such is the man who was the reputed leader of the Russell side of the Vendetta. Felix always lived with James until within two or three years before his death. Some of the Henderson girls are very handsome, and are excellent school teachers. The men are mostly illiterate, but shrewd and

cunning. They have dark skins, coal black eyes and raven hair, and some of them are fine-looking men. They are men of few words, and are not the kind of people that turn over mountains, but a braver set of men don't live on earth. With the exception of Pad, they are considered honest and fair in all their dealings.

This comprises the leading families on the Republican side of the Vendetta. Many others are implicated in the bloody feud with them but I will describe them as they come upon the scene.

The Bulliner family consisted of George Bulliner, his wife and eleven children: Elizabeth, Mary, Nancy Emeline, Rebecca Adeline, David, John, Monroe, George, Emanuel, Amanda Jane and Martha Lane. The youngest is now sixteen years old. Elizabeth married Jordan C. Halstead; Mary, John Gamble; Nancy, W. N. Berkley; Rebecca, Aaron Smith; Amanda, Pierce Crain; Monroe married Miss Josephine Council, a very handsome and accomplished lady; Emanuel married Miss Mary Tiner, and David, at his death was engaged to Miss Cornelia O'Neal, of Tennessee. George Bulliner lived in McNair county, Tennessee, and was a man of considerable means and influence. At the breaking out of the war, he was a loyal man, and in September 1862, raised what was always after known as "Bulliner's Company." They first served as state guards, and finally entered the Union Army. Bulliner served without pay. He came to this county on the 28th day of January, 1865, and bought a farm from Arthur Blake, two miles southeast of the Eight Mile, on which stood a two-story brick residence. In 1876 he put up a horse-mill and a cotton-gin. His son, David, first kept store with F. M. Sparks, a half-mile north of his house, and then put up a store at home. This he kept a few years, and then moved to Crainville, and went in with Wm. Spencer, to whom he afterwards sold out, and with whom

he had a little suit, but not one that generated ill-feelings. The other boys worked on the farm, and are young men of fine personal appearance, light complexion, dark hair, social, jovial and very pleasant in their manners and address. George Bulliner was a man of more than ordinary ability, a large, stout-built man, of homely appearance. He was noted for his zeal for what he regarded as right, for his sterling honesty and boldness in asserting and maintaining his opinion, and defending his principles. He was energetic, and a shrewd business man, and was kind and lenient to the poor, buying what ever they had to sell, and in building up the country, and helping his neighbors, he not only became wealthy, but built up a character that was conspicuous and honorable. To a stranger he appeared like a cross, ill-natured man; but that was not his nature. He was not a religious man, and sometimes resorted to rough sports and amusements. At the time of his death he was sixty-one years old.

The Hinchcliff family consisted of William Hinchcliff, who settled here in an early day and died in 1858, his wife and three sons: Vincent, Robert and William. As a family, they are very intellectual, and noted throughout this county for integrity and his social qualities. They live on a farm on the north side of the Eight Mile, a half mile from Russell's. They used to keep store there, and Vince was a physician, a good musician and a man of fine ability, but of a very violent temper. He was agreeable and sociable to his friends, but unpleasant and offensive to his enemies, growing out of politics. Robert is a man very different in temper. Educated, refined, a splendid musician, sociable, honest, and a gentleman from the ground up. He is also an artist, and paints with great skill. He lives in a lovely little cottage amid bowers where roses, honeysuckle and jessamines mingle their colors and rich perfumes with the

poseys and daisies. A meadow in its green livery, with tall, wild flowers oscillating in the breeze, and fields and forests so blended as to make a landscape of every varying beauty, surrounds his house, where the song of the little bird is pouring forth, and insects sport playfully in mid-air, which makes their bright hues appear more resplendent by the sun's golden rays. Near the cottage is a flower-garden, containing every thing that can charm the eye or delight the senses. I will not attempt to describe the little floral world, for there is no end to it. This is a picture of his home, and imagination can furnish nothing more delightful than a life gliding away amid a scene like this. Robert and William have never had anything to do or say in the Vendetta, but both have been studiously exonerated from all suspicion by all parties.

The Crain family is a very large one. Spencer and Jasper Crain settled in this county in an early day. Spencer had several children; among them was Jasper U.; Jasper, Sr., had several, among them was William and Spencer, Jr. William Crain had eight children: Nancy Ann, George F., Terry, alias "Big Terry," Noah W., alias "Yaller Bill," William J., alias "Big Jep," Warren, Marshall T., Wesley. Jasper U. Crain has seven children: Terry, Samuel R., Lorenzo, Alonzo, Mary, Pierce, Eva. Spencer Crain, Jr., had three living children, Wm. J., alias "Black Bill," Martha and Elizabeth.

The other families are too numerous to name. Then, in fact, it would be useless, as only five of those I have mentioned have been implicated in the Vendetta. Most of the Crains are religious, and live honest, pay their debts, and deal fairly with their neighbors. William and some of his boys would often get into rough-and-tumble fights; but never used weapons. "Big Terry," now dead, was a powerful man. Aside from this, there was nothing to distinguish

them from the rest of our citizens. George F. is a Justice of the Peace, and one of the most respectable and honorable citizens of the county. The same could be said of several others of them. They received common school education, and none of them are very wealthy; but all are good livers, and farmers, and live three miles east of the Eight Mile. They belong to the sanguine temperament (excepting Black Bill who is bilious) and are sociable and agreeable men to meet. These are the leading families on the Democratic side. I will give account of others as they appear on the scene. The first difficulty in the Vendetta occurred on Saturday, the 4th of July 1868, in a saloon one and a half miles east of Carbondale; but it is right to say that there is not a drunkard, excepting Samuel Music, in all the Vendetta. Felix G. Henderson was on his way from Carbondale, about 4 o'clock p.m. It was raining very hard, and he stopped in the saloon, where the Bulliners, for the same reason, had stopped a few minutes before. The Bulliners were playing cards. After a while George Bulliner bantered "Field" for a game. They went to playing. Presently George Bulliner, Jr., (a son of David Bulliner) of Tennessee, commenced by betting on the game, and got to putting in. Field told him to shut up, that it was none of his business. Young George said Bulliner was six and "Field" five. "Field" said he was six and Bulliner five. Bulliner said "Field" was right. "Field" then got up and called young George a dam lying son of a———. Young George first got a chair, which was taken from him, and then they clinched. George broke away and got some bottles, "Field" drew his knife, and George Bulliner, Sr., struck him with a bottle, and knocked him six or seven feet. A general fight followed, in which "Field" was badly beaten up. The bar-keeper's wife and James Russell parted them. At this time, "Field" did not know the Bulliners, and asked who they were. In the fight,

"Field" had cut David Stancil on the arm. Next day Stancil sent Eli Farmer to Henderson to apologize for him. When Farmer came James Henderson cursed "Field" and told him that a saloon was no place to be in. After the fight was over, "Field" fearing the Bulliners would follow him, went an unusual route to William Hindman's in this county, where George Sisney washed off the blood. "Field" did not feel satisfied, so next week he went to where young George was plowing in David Stancil's field. They spoke, and Bulliner asked him how he was getting, and if he was hurt. "Field" said:

"I am bodily hurt. I was overpowered the other day, and if you want to try it over I am willing, any way you want to." Bulliner said that he did not want to fight. "Field" told him that he had an equal show now, and that he himself had been mobbed. Bulliner, fearing that Henderson was going to shoot him, broke for a tree and called for his pistol. Henderson told him that he came to offer him a fair fight, and rode off home. In the September following, Bulliner had three ricks of hay burned. The tracks of two persons were observed leading in the direction of Carterville. The next week his cotton-gin was burned and had at the time one hundred thousand pounds of cotton in it, fifteen thousand pounds of which were taken out of ruins, a week after the fire. Suspicion was thrown by some on Felix, but a large majority at that time supposed it was incendiaries from Tennessee, and it is not known to this day who did commit this arson.

In 1872 Thomas J. Russell and John Bulliner commenced going alternately with Miss Sarah Stocks. They soon became cool rivals. Bulliner finally succeeded in making himself the most acceptable visitor. Envy seized Russell, and they became enemies; but other than a few short words, had no difficulty until the riot at Crainville.

In 1869, a man by the name of Samuel Brethers, who lived at Bulliner's, cultivated a part of Sisney's farm, which joined Bulliner on the east. He raised a crop of oats, and after they were thrashed, he left them on Sisney's farm. He then sold the oats to Sisney to pay the rent, and also sold them to David Bulliner, to pay a debt, and went to Texas. Bulliner claimed the oats, and replevied them from Sisney, but got beat in the suit. On the 26th day of April, 1870, they met as Sisney's blacksmith shop to settle. They differed about each other's account, and Sisney said, "If we can not agree we will leave it to our betters." David said, "I tried you in law once." Sisney replied "Yes! and I beat you." David said "Yes, and you did it by hard swearing;" and Sisney knocked him down with a shovel. David ran home, got his father, John and Monroe with their pistols, and started back. Sisney, on seeing them coming, retreated out the back way, from his house, with a Henry rifle. John fired on him, near the house, at about 15 yards. David fired with a gun, and again at 250 yards, just as Sisney went behind an old tree that stood in the field. Four of the balls took effect in his leg and hip. Sisney then asked for quarters, and George Bulliner stopped his boys. Sisney was carried to his house, and Bulliner waited on him faithfully for several days. They were all indicted in September following, and four of the Bulliners and Sisney each fined $100. This was the only difficulty that occurred between the Sisneys and the Bulliners.

I have now given the three original causes of the Vendetta; first, a deck of cards; second, a woman; third, oats. The Crains next came into the scene in a fight against the Sisneys. Marshall T. Crain and John Sisney had had a fight eight years before, but had made it up. Still later, they had another fight, at Mrs. Clements about some "tales." John was accused of striking Marshall with brass knuckles.

They, at this time, agreed never to be friends again, yet not to fight any more; but in November, 1872, they got at it again, with "Big Jep" and Wash. (George, Jr.,) Sisney, thrown in for strikers; but nobody was hurt.

About the 15th day of December, 1872, James Henderson went into the Company store, in Carterville, and bought a pair of boots, and a dog fight occured at the door, in which the Crain boys had a dog. "Big Terry" was cursing Elijah Peterson for interfering. Henderson thought that they took the other dog to be his, but he said nothing, and started off. "Big Terry" said:

"I would like to knock that dam black rascal."

Henderson, not thinking the remark intended for him, walked on, when Terry added,

"That rascal with the boots."

James told him it was a good time, to "lam in." A few more words were passed, but no fighting. This affair threw the Hendersons and Crains into line against each other. The Crains, now being enemies of the Sisneys and Hendersons, become pliant allies to the Bulliners.

On the 25th day of the same month the Carterville riot occurred. John Sisney, Wesley and Marshall Crain were in the Company Store, when Sisney threw out some banter to Marsh, who struck him three times with a weight. Milton Black started towards them, and "Big Terry" told him not to interfere, that they were boys. Black said he would not. Then Terry said:

"I am a better man than you, Black."

Black said, "That is untrue."

Terry said, "I am going to whip you."

Black replied, "You ain't done it."

Terry started at him, and Black knocked him down three times, and it was supposed with brass knuckles. The other Crain boys started towards Black, and George Sisney

cried out:

"Give Black fair play."

Just then some one knocked him (Sisney) senseless to the floor, and Warren Crain fell on him. They fought around for a while, and then got outside; the fight stopped, and, after a few words, Wesley Council struck Sisney on the forehead with something in his hand, supposed to be a weight. After that the Sisneys and Blacks went into Black's grocery, when Terry again came on to Black, but George Bulliner interfered, and said Black should not be imposed upon, and there it had to stop. Sisney and Black went to the hotel to wash, when Terry and posse came in to arrest Black for using knuckles. Black resisted, saying that a private citizen had no right to arrest him. This ended the riot. Some of the parties were arrested, and their trial set for December 30th, at Crainville. The Hendersons had heard that the Crains had said, if any of them came down on that day they would be to haul home. So, on that day all the Hendersons, Sisneys, Bulliners, Crains, Council, Thomas Russell, some of the Stotlars, and several others, were on hand, and, in place of a trial by law, they had a trial by wager of battle. Russell raised a difficulty with John Bulliner. They commenced fighting on the east side of Wm. Spence's store, and fought around to the south door, John with a little stick, and Tom with his fist. James Henderson told Tom to get a brick, which he did and threw it at Bulliner, who then drew his pistol. Russell then drew his. At this instant David Bulliner came out of the store, and James Henderson drew a revolver about a foot long, and said no man should touch him. The Bulliners then went into the house, where some of the Crain boys were. Sam Henderson struck the house with his fist, and asked:

"Where are those God d———n fighting Crains that were going to whip the Hendersons?"

James H. said:

"I can whip any man on the ground."

George Bulliner, standing in the door, said:

"Henderson, I don't know so much about that, that is hard to take."

Henderson told him to come out and fight like a man. Bulliner said he had nothing against the Hendersons. James said:

"I have against you; you beat my nephew."

"Field" spoke up and said:

"I am the one; come out and fight a man your size."

Bulliner started out, but was caught by Wm. Spence, who shoved him back and shut the door. Henderson cursed around for half an hour, calling the Crains traitors, cowards, &c., and then went home, alleging that the Bulliners and Crains were so thick in Spence's cellar, that when they drew their breath the floor raised. Marshall Crain was indicted for an assault with a deadly weapon on John Sisney, but never had a trial. The State's Attorney filed an information against about twenty of these fellows for riot, and at the February term of the County Court, 1873, they were all in Marion. The information was quashed. Thomas Russell went back to Crainville, and at Spence's store he met with three of the Bulliner boys. They soon determined on a fight, but Russell ran off to Carterville, a half mile, where he found the Hendersons. He told James to go back with him and see him a fair fight. James started back in a wagon, and they met George Bulliner coming down. James got out of his wagon and said:

"Bulliner, you are the cause of all this trouble; why don't you make your boys behave, and let people alone?"

Bulliner said he could not control them. James said:

"That's a lie; get down and let us stop it, for you are heading it; let's fight it out between me and you, and stop it,

or, stop it without fighting, just as you want to."

Bulliner said he was for peace. So they agreed to have no more fighting.

Soon after this Henderson was driving along by Vincent Hinchcliff's with a load of rock, when Bulliner overtook him and they had some very hot words, Bulliner threatened to kill him on the spot, and Henderson challenged him to fight. Behind Bulliner was a wagon with five others in it, but they said nothing. Henderson drove on. He always contended from that day that he was waylaid. And it is almost certain that Bulliner had been before this.

Along in the summer of 1873, Marshall Crain and John Sisney met in Carterville one night, and talked about shooting each other, but put their pistols away without firing.

Jennings, the State's Attorney, had these rioters arrested four times, and the information for riot was as often quashed. On the fifth trial, some of the rioters on the Crain side were convicted; those on the other side changed venue to Jackson county, where they were acquitted. At one of these attempted trials George Sisney got mad at Jennings, and was cursing him to me, in the County Clerk's office, when Wesley Council stepped in at the door. Sisney called him a "hell cat." Council drew his revolver, and I caught him and told him he should not be hurt. Sisney drew his revolver, but could not shoot without striking me, which he would not do. Wash Sisney was present, and did some talking of a threatening character. Council behaved himself with remarkable coolness to be in the presence of a man of the nerve of Sisney. I got him out of the door, and he went into an adjoining house. After the danger was all over, there was some wonderful exhibitions of bravery among the outsiders. The next difficulty in the Vendetta was Nov. 6, 1873, at the election in the Eight Mile, when Thomas Russell, David Pleasant and David Bulliner got into a fuss over

an old feud, and James Norris, a new actor on the stage, (as was also Pleasant) who worked for the Bulliners, took it up for Bulliner. He went for B's for a gun and soon returned with one, and Tom drew his revolver, but parties interfered, and prevented any killing. This was a serious affair. It was two desperate young men on each side, facing each other with deadly weapons, and it took the greatest exertion to prevent the death of some of them.

On the morning of December 12, 1873, George Bulliner started to Carbondale, on horseback. The sun was standing against the murky haze of the east, red and sullen, like a great drop of blood. The pearly, vapor-like sails dotted the sky, and covered the more delicate sculptured clouds with their alabaster sides. The great oak trees lifted their parapets to the morning sky, and spangled the earth with shadows. The voiceless winds swept with sublime resignation lawless through the leafless woods, and a melancholy breeze stirred the dead ferns and drooping rushes. A cold-scented sleuth-hound had followed the tracks of Bulliner remorselessly. This morning two of them, with stealthy movement, took their position near the Jackson county line in an old tree top, on the ground. There, planted on the spot, their ears drank in every sound that broke the air, mouth half open, ears, eyes, soul, all directed up the road to catch, if possible, each passing object. They thought they could tell the thud of Bulliner's horse's feet from all others. They lay down on their breasts, and fixed their eyes on the road winding down the valley. They stuck up brush to shield them from observation, like an Indian watching for his victim, alertly awake to every noise. Bulliner came riding along and one of the assassins fired on him; only two or three of the balls took effect in his hip and leg; but his horse wheeled and threw his back to the assassins, who fired on him again, and forty-four buck-shot took effect in his back, and

he fell to the earth. The assassins then escaped. Bulliner was soon found and carried to the nearest house, and his sons notified, but after desperate riding John reached the place only in time to hear his father say, "Turn me over and let me die." He did so, and George Bulliner escaped from the cruelties of earth to the charities of heaven. Look here, all you infernal wretches, and contemplate a spectacle which should inflame our hearts with mercy. Right in the face of heaven, and among men, George Bulliner was slain, by one of the most sordid mortals that ever disgraced the black catalogue of crime, or befouled the name of civilization, and his death, today, is unexpiated in Williamson County.

On the night of the 27th of March 1874, while Monroe and David Bulliner were on their way home from church, about half a mile westward from their home, in a lane, they were fired on by two assasins, who were concealed in the fence corners, about twenty feet apart. The balls went in front of their breasts. David stepped forward a few steps, both drew their revolvers and commenced firing on the assassins. A perfect hurricane of shots followed. The people going home from church knew what it meant, and they stood still. The assassins emptied two double-barrel shot guns and two navy revolvers. David fired three shots and Monroe six. The last shot from the assassin's gun struck David in the back, and he cried out, "I'm shot!" and at the same time heard a voice further down the road. He asked who was there; a voice replied, "The Stancils." Mrs. Stancil, about fifty yards down the road had received a severe wound in the arm and abdomen, from which she afterwards recovered. The assassins retreated southward from the field. It was a scene worthy of the gods to see these two young men facing two concealed assassins, and fighting them like men of iron. At one time, Monroe charged on one of the villains, at the same time firing, and drove him out of the

corner and forced him to take refuge behind a rail, which Monroe struck with a ball. Who can read this without wishing a thousand times that he had shot the life's blood out of his black heart! David was carried home by a host of friends, who had gathered at the scene. At the gate he asked: "Is it a dream? is it a dream?" and each broken word gurgled up out of the red fountain of his life. His brothers were standing around, their faces sealed with the death seal of inexpressible suffering, and their hearts hushed in the pulsation of woes. His mother lay trembling against the casement, her heart throbbing with its burden of sorrow, while the issues of life or death were being waged in the soul of her son. His sisters were standing in the vortex of misery, praying for the dreadful slaughter to be stopped, and suing for happiness with the sunny side of life in view. Convulsive sensations of horror and afright, and smothered execrations pervaded the men, and audible sobbings and screams, with tears, were heard among the women.

This was the worst murder of them all. No other equals it in heinousness. You may combine corruption, debauchery and all the forms of degredation known to inventive genius of man, and cord them together with strings drawn from maiden's hearts, and paint the scene in human blood bespangled with broken vows and seared consciences, and still it will redden Heaven with revengeful blush and leave you blacken hell to make it equal. It had not been long since the flash of fire from the gun of his father's assassin had sent a blasphemous challenge to his life. The echo from the gun had not ceased to ring, when this deed of barbarity was committed. David was a gentleman in the fullest sense. There was nothing mean in his appearance or conduct. Twenty-five years of age, tall, and of magnificient appearance, and respected by everybody for his still, quiet manners. But on the morning of the 28th, the twilight shadow

of death, cold and gray, came stealing on him. A supernatural lustre lighted up his eye, and illuminated the gathering darkness. At length his eyes closed, and an expression of ineffable placidity settled on his pallid lips, and he was no more. He was taken to Tennessee, where his father had been, and buried. The night David was killed, the assassins had probably four stands, and there were no less than seven men on the watch for him; but after he was shot, he charged Thomas Russell and David Pleasant of being his murderers. Jordan Halstead and Samuel R. Crain came to Marion that night, and I wrote out the writs for their arrest; but it was near daylight when the *posse comitatus*, headed by Constable J. V. Grider, surrounded the residence of Jefferson Russell. Thomas was arrested, and a party sent on into Jackson County after Pleasant. They were both brought to Marion, and Russell employed me for his counsel. While he and Pleasant were in my office, Gordon Clifford, *alias* "Texas Jack," came in, talked a few words with Russell, and soon left town. Pleasant was about twenty-two, tall, awkwardly built, nervous, and seemed badly frightened. The case against him was nollied and he immediately left the country. Most people believed him to be guilty. One thing I do know, that he was uneasy as an eel on a hook, and his confused behavior makes it reasonable to suppose him guilty. It is not my business to say who is guilty, and who is not; but, if he is, until repentence composes his mind, he will be a stranger to peace. Russell changed the venue in his case from W. N. Mitchell, J. P., to Geo. W. Young, J. P. All the batteries of the Bulliners were leveled on Russell. They employed three attorneys to assist the State's Attorney. W. W. Clemens was then employed by Russell to assist in his defense. The case went to trial on Thursday, but was nollied by The People, who already had another warrant for his arrest issued by George F. Crain, J. P. The State's

Attorney, Jennings, had lost confidence in Young. In fact, being a most consummate scoundrel himself, he could see no virtue in anybody.

The object of the prosecution was to get time to hunt up evidence; but it was a source of positive relief to the defense to have the *nolle* entered. I knew, most certainly knew, that Young would send my client to jail; but now I told him for the first time that we could clear him. The venue was again changed from Crain, J. P., to William Stover, J. P., of Eight Mile, who came to Marion and heard the case. The trial commenced Friday morning, March 31, 1874. The Bulliners in Tennessee had not only said that "they did not want any more Bulliners brought down there in boxes," but David, Sen., had come up to see that the guilty were prosecuted. Tom's gun was sent for, and the contents extracted. The People proved by two witnesses that Russell was at the window of the church that night, and the wadding picked up from the ground where the shooting was done, was placed to that drawn from the gun, and gave, as they claimed, an unbroken account of the St. Louis tobacco market. Balls and cut wads picked up were similar to those in the gun. They also proved threats. David's dying declaration, saying that it was Russell, was introduced. The defense was an *alibi*, five witnesses swearing that he retired at eight o'clock, was seen by them at half-past eight, and again at ten, in his room; the murder having occurred at half-past nine o'clock, two miles away. The tracks were proven to be two numbers too large. The prosecution claimed that defendant's witnesses swore falsely; but I said then, and repeat now, that they swore the truth. When Russell first employed me, I asked him to call up his witnesses and let's see if they were going to swear harmoniously, and if there were any of them *whose* evidence would damage us, we could leave them off.

He said:

"Call them as you please; they will swear that I was at home. They know that I was at home, and you can call them on the stand without any drilling. I am not afraid for you to do this."

So, I say, if Thomas Russell is guilty, he came out of his window on to the stoop, and down to the ground, and returned the same way.

The prosecution was badly managed. One of defendant's witnesses was Miss Hope Russell, a sister of the defendant, and a lady whose exalted virtues and transcendent beauty claim a consecrated place in this volume. One of The People's witnesses was Miss Amanda Bulliner, both about sixteen years old. She took the stand with a helpless and confiding look, her voice was a little softened by emotion, her rose-leaf lips curled delicately, but soon her clear, translucent eye lit up with a brilliant lustre. The shadows of misery seemed to depart. Her soft, round cheek dimpled and dimpled again, like the play waters in the sun, in a lovely and touching assembly of charms. Her features were of classic regularity. Her presence seemed to shadow the place, so pure, so truthful, so charming her actions that all pronounced her a most gentle, and most noble creature, though never a jeweled wreath may span the curls of her beautiful brow, yet, happiness may as well erect its shrine around her, for Nature can no further gifts bestow. Monroe Bulliner swore that he was within a few feet of the assassins but did not recognize them. This was a remarkable exhibition of veracity. He might have identified the parties, and the world believed it true; but, firm as a rock, like a sainted martyr, he stood by the open, bold and honest truth.

One of the witnesses was the famous Sarah Stocks, who swore to threats. Her contour is not as faultless as a Greek goddess, but her form and features had caught some new

grace from the times. Her eye was as clear and cold as a stalactite of Capri. She wore a sigh, and there is something in a sigh for everybody. But I will throw no shadow over her, for life in her is as mysterious as in the rich belle; and when the golden chariot of destiny rolls through the skies, she may take her seat among the great. On Saturday evening, the sun went down behind a fleecy cloud, and kindled a volcano for whose silver-rimmed crater fiery rays of scarlet shot up the clear blue dome of heaven, and the lurid lava streamed downward through vapor cliffs and gorges. Alarm took the place of anxiety. The Russells, Hendersons, Sisneys and their friends were in town, and rumor was rife that they had a load of arms, and that they would rescue Russell if he was committed. The people were scared, and went home. The State's Attorney ran off. The defense thought that the Bulliners were going to assassinate Russell, if he was turned loose. On the contrary, they had no such notion, but thought that they would be killed. The excitement arose from mutual misapprehensions. The sheriff summoned twenty-five men, with guns to hold the prisoner. Calvert closed for The People, amidst the greatest excitement, and the Court said the defendant was not guilty.

The surprised audience looked blank and sad. James Henderson and a dozen others rushed to the defendant, gave him a pistol and rushed him downstairs, where horses were in waiting. Russell and three others mounted, and left town at full speed. A letter was sent from the States Attorney of Jackson County, by James Conner, to the Sheriff, to hold Russell for the murder of George Bulliner, but, for some reason, was not delivered to the Sheriff until he was gone. The hue and cry was levied immediately, and several days were spent in trying to find him, but he has never been arrested. The Bulliners offered $500 reward for his arrest, and $2,000 for the conviction of him and Pleasant, which

they afterward withdrew.

I will relate one incident as an illustration of the excitable foolery of the times. One evening, when all hopes of Russell's recapture were lost, John Russell came into town to see Clemens and myself on business. We had a social meeting appointed at G. L. Owen's that night, for some days before. After Russell was talking to us, we got a buggy and started out. Going on, I told Clemens that the people would think from the fact that Russell was there, that we were going out to see Thomas, and we had better drive rapidly and conceal our buggy, and have some fun; which we did. Sure enough, here they came; on hand cars, horse-back, and on foot, with general orders to arrest the "whole boiling," and put them in jail. Several hours were spent by these fellows in fruitless chase after "all three of them." There were several men in the raid, but I have never been able to find one of them.

If Thomas Russell is guilty, it may be that the almighty sovereignty, love, was too strong for him, and envy seized him, and John and not David was the one he wanted to kill. If he could have wrung this lady from John Bulliner, and unstained her life, I doubt not if the shadow of his own would not have again darkened it; and inasmuch as he did not, it may be that the arrowy words wrung by the hand of passion from each of them were destined to hang quivering in memory's core till they festered and bled, making an irremediable wound, shaped in the red-hot forge of jealousy, and cured only by the exultant feeling of gratified revenge. These little bubbles of joy that jet up from the tumultuous waters of passion, soon evaporate, and leave but mingled dross and shame to fester and canker the mind of its possessor, who ever after leads a life of infamy and its accompanying wretchedness. Whoever committed the murders is the guiltiest of them all. It was he who with death first

knocked at our portals, and with buck and ball opened the flood gates of misery, and let murder rush with living tide upon our people. And today his life is ruined, his hopes blasted, and sooner or later he will come to sorrow, shame and beggary, and have the scorpion thongs of conscience lashing his guilty bosom as he promenades the sidewalks of destiny.

Thomas J. Russell was born February 1st, 1851, is of fine form, dark complexion, black hair and very intelligent. The charge brought no blush to his cheek, but throughout the trial he sat contented with but little to say, and kept watching the Bulliners with implacable glance. John Bulliner had his gun. In speaking of these troubles, it looks like repeating the old story, and opening the wounds to bleed afresh; but the cry of murder and bloodshed is of too common occurrence in this county, not to have it recorded. The smoke from one of these bloody acts scarcely settled on the field, when it was renewed. The report started and went the rounds, only to return and be renewed by the slaughter of another victim.

I am bound to record these acts as they have occurred, for it is a page of history, recorded and sealed by the blood of our fellow men, that will leave a crimson stain on the county, that will be gazed upon and wondered at by our young, years to come. The Bulliner boys appealed to the law. They appealed to humanity. They and their friends rode night and day, and spent hundreds of dollars in prosecuting assassins, as they believed, but they were defeated. The law was not supported by a pure public sentiment of the people. The ones that they looked upon as being guilty were turned loose. What could they do? Must they be driven to the bushes by this hard bargain, or be placed for a lifetime at the mercy of the assassins, with their hearts enclosed in palisades of sorrow? They saw their father and broth-

er shot down by vandal hands, and their own lives threatened by fiends stalking in midnight darkness. Is it a wonder that the spirit of retaliation seized them, and the stern old Mosaic law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, went into full force among them, and they became aggressors themselves? Retaliation was taught them by every cord in human nature. They were drawn upon by every principle that calls forth human action. Their lives were a constant appeal to chivalry. What could they do but pick up the gauntlet hurled into their faces, and give vent to an anger long pent up? At this time there were interests more sacred to the Bulliners than those of peace. Justice was more. Honor was more. Fidelity to the memory of a murdered father and brother are considerations for which those who spoke so loud in favor of peace, would have foregone progress and prosperity, and drawn the shot-gun in stern resentment and punishment of those who invaded and violated their sacred rights. When can son forget his father? When did passion and crime ever estrange one from the other? When ocean surrenders up her water, then will the parents of his hopes and tears, and the holy lessons learned on their knees, be alienated from the son's heart. They must, if they are human, esteem revenge for their wrongs as the most sacred inheritance.

The ordinary agents of the law had proven insufficient, and Nature rose up to revenge the injustice. Embassadors were at an end. Words of menace and expostulation were exchanged for the thunders of the shot gun. The quarrels which a hallow place held in abeyance were to be settled in the bushes. The die was cast. The god of the bushes had been invoked. The red hand of murder was raised. The feuds which had so long fermented among the Vendetta, were relegated to the arbitrament of the murderous shot gun. Already the lurid flames of the midnight gun lit up

the fair fields of this county. Already the smoke hung like a wreath over the fairest lands of Egypt, and death stalked with defiant tread over the county. The past was an index to the future. The cries of our future victims had already reached our ears. The Bulliners were not uncomplaining sacrifices. The voice of humanity had issued from the shades of their farm, it had been unheeded, and one of them has since been convicted of murder. Whether he is guilty or not is not my province to say, but to tell the facts the best I can, and let the world pass its judgment on his slaughtered family.

John Bulliner could have been actuated by but one principle of human action in going into this work of blood, and that was revenge. If any thing could be tolerated to plead in extenuation of palliation of crime, surely it could be urged in his case; but if he is guilty, I would place his crime at nothing less than murder. The assassins of his father were actuated by malice. Their deeds were committed with no ingredients to assuage or cool; making them the most dastardly acts on record. The Crain boys were actuated by a very different motive to join in this work. That is, where the power to do wrong with impunity exists, the will is not long wanting. Whenever mankind sees a chance of doing wrong without ever being detected, they do not wait for a provocation. The best men will do wrong, and nothing but wrong, if you remove the fear of possible punishment. It is true that the fear of God restrains a small class. But generally this is but a temporary restraint, and is effective only when protected from strain. But strain it; take away the punishment the men inflict, open the gates of crime, and some of the best men will become the most consumate scoundrels in the land.

So it was with the Crains. They did not commence killing from an inherent love of killing, but because it was be-

ing done by others, and nobody punished. Hence, men have been heard to say: "I might as well make some money as anybody else."

After Russell's release, several parties formed themselves into fantastic models, and scouted the country. Ready to vie with each other in general follies, they started out by being ridiculous and ended by being vicious and criminal. One of these parties headed by Vince Hinchcliff, arrested Gordon Clifford alias "Texas Jack," down near the bloody grounds, and after treating him very badly, brought him to Marion, and just before daylight, had a mock trial before a J. P., the State's Attorney reading the law out of a patent office report, and probably the drunkest man in the crowd. "Jack" was put in jail without law or evidence—the only witness being "Smoky Joe," who had never seen "Jack" before. "Texas Jack" was a very mean man, but he ought to have been tried as becomes ministers of justice in her own sacred temple. He came into this county in 1873, and lived around promiscuously for two years, offering gratuitous meanness for his board. He was about twenty-five years old, tall, slender, fine-looking fellow, and a very fast young man generously, a noisy ladies' man, and horse jockey. He lay in jail until October, when he was indicted for harboring "fugitives from justice," meaning Thomas Russell. He gave bond in the sum of $500, and after having a couple of rows with Hinchcliff for the treatment he received from him he left the country. He said he came from Kansas, and Vince wrote there, and his character was very bad. When he was arrested, the word "hanging" was pretty freely used, and I would suggest that if he ever take a mania for suicide and will come back to this county, he may find somebody who will assist him off in a romantic manner.

Some of their scouting parties talked about hanging men; plans were laid in Marion; meetings were held; names

given; the leading men on the Russell-Henderson side were to be hung; but they never could get the executioners on the ground. After the Russell trial, James Henderson was waylaid. He sat up many a night all night, watching for the assassins, but his dogs barked and his mules brayed, every time they would come near the house, as if to warn their master that assassins lurked in the bushes and they would run off. One night he hitched his mules out in the woods to keep them from making a noise, so that he could kill the assassins, but just before they got up that night in shooting distance of him, the mules broke loose and came running to the house. He worked in his field, surrounded by a dense forest, with Granite and little Frank Jeffreys acting as guards for him.

On the morning of May 15, 1874, while Frank was on watch, he said he saw something behind a pile of logs in the field. James looked and said he guessed it was nothing. In the afternoon, Granite had to help her mother wash, and Frank was on guard alone. About three o'clock he said he was lonesome sitting up in the edge of the woods, and wanted to come down to his foster-father. James, who had been building fence, told him to come, and he lay down with the boy. Three assassins lay concealed behind a pile of logs, twenty-seven steps away. The dripping drab of a summer sky overhung the scene in pearly sails, and just when our people were looking for light out of darkness, to unmantle the smoldering folds of hatred, they fired on Henderson, who lay on his side, the balls taking effect in his back. He turned over on his face, and put his hand over his eyes while looking at them. One of them walked out from behind the logs and fired at him with a pistol, and struck him in the hand. They then ran off. He said right there, while his agonizing nature was vibrating in horrid suspense between life and death, that he recognized the assassins as

James Norris, John Bulliner and Manuel or Monroe Bulliner. Thomas Wilson, a young man who was near by and saw the men, did not know them. Henderson was carried to his house, and lingered eight days before he died. When the news of the shooting reached Marion, but little concern was manifested. There was a disposition that so long as they kept even down on the "bloody ground" it was all right. One fellow cried out, "Thank God, they have got the old king bee at last." But such a sentiment was too shocking to float unrebuked on the air of Marion. We know what such sentiments have produced in other countries. History tells the fateful tale. The terrible record is written in blood, and the world stands aghast when the book is opened. He was informed that a bunch of bones would be rammed into his face if he repeated the sentence.

There was no high-wrought, inflated tone about Henderson. No straining or twisting of style, but all was plain, simple, easy and natural. He was compelled to toil for the necessaries of life, and bravely bore the frettings and raspings of this cold, dull world. To his friends he was warm-hearted, candid, earnest and honest, and would risk his life for them at any time. To his enemies he was cautious, daring and dangerous. He was a man of but few words, but wore a mild, firm fearless look. He is gone! and the silver-dusted lilies and trailing willows will throw their flickering shadows over his grave, made green by the lichen-fingered touch of time forever. Soon after his death his wife became a lunatic, and died on the New Year day following. On Saturday, the next day, after Henderson was shot, Jaston Ditmore was plowing alone in his field, one mile west of Henderson's, and about ten o'clock he was fired on three times in rapid succession, five of the balls striking him, one in the breast, one in each arm, one in the side and thigh; but he soon recovered, and left the country. No reason for

this shooting can be given, unless it was that he saw the assassins of Henderson. He was in no known way connected with the Vendetta. When the inquest was held over Henderson, the Coroner issued his warrant for the arrest of John Bulliner and James Norris, but they ran at large until August 25th, 1874, when Deputy Sheriff W. J. Pulley arrested Bulliner at Crainville. He was kept under guard at Marion until September 3rd, when he was taken before Judge Crawford on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and was admitted to bail in the sum of $3,000. In October following they were both indicted for murder. Bulliner was put upon his trial, and had four witnesses from Tennessee, who swore that he was there at the time, and he was acquitted by a jury.

Soon after Ditmore was shot, John Rod and one other man were riding beside a field, three miles northwest of Henderson's, and two miles north of the Eight Mile, when they saw a man fall down in the weeds in the field. Thinking something had happened to him, Rod went over to see; when he got within ten feet of the man, he rose and fired on Rod, shooting him through the thigh, and then scampered away. It was rumored that this was Thomas Russell, but rumor had him everywhere, so there is no telling.

On Sunday morning, August 9th, 1874, George W. Sisney went out to his barn lot, and two assassins who lay concealed in the fence corner near by, snapped their guns at him four times, but being wet with the dew, they did not fire. He was shocked, and called to one of his boys to come to him, when the assassins rose and walked off, and he stood watching them for over two hundred yards. He did not tell who these parties were, but at the October term indicted Timothy Edward Cagle and James Norris, for an assault to murder him, claiming that they were the parties. Cagle is nineteen years old, an orphan boy, slim, awkward

built, fair complexion, very pleasant and agreeable. He once had a difficulty with one of the Sisney boys. He worked for David Bulliner thirteen months, with James Norris. After he was indicted he went to New Orleans, but returned, and in March, 1875, gave himself up and lay in jail until September, when he went on trial. I had opened the case for the defense, when it was nollied on account of Sisney's death.

About this time rumor was afloat that Dr. Bentley, of Marion, had cut some balls out of John Sisney, supposed to have been received when David Bulliner was killed. On the 17th day of August, W. H. Bentley published an affidavit, stating that he had never cut any ball out of or known of any being in any of the Sisneys, and that the rumor was false. John Sisney was not believed to be guilty, but made a very convenient scape goat for those who were.

During the month of August, "Field" Henderson and Monroe Bulliner accidentally met in Marion, and had a talk, and agreed to meet at Carterville, and compromise and have no more trouble. Monroe said he would get John, and "Field" said he would get all the Hendersons, and meet him on a set day. "Field" saw the Hendersons, and they said so far they had nothing to do with the troubles, and were not going to have; but "Field" went to Carterville by himself on the day, and Monroe, John and Vincent Hinchcliff met him.

Vince took him out to one side, and said: " 'Field,' these boys did not kill your Uncle Jim. I know they did not. All they want is to be let alone. The next man that is killed, the last one of the Hendersons will be killed or run out of the country. You fellows, by God, can't kill everybody. The people won't stand it."

"Field" said, "Don't say you fellows, I have had nothing to do with it."

Vince replied, "You are the only one of them that has any principle. Old Jim had but d——d few friends; I was one only through fear."

He said he had sent for the boys, two new shot guns, and they had not come, and that is why he knew they did not kill his uncle. Here Monroe and John came out, and John asked "Field" where Sam Henderson was. "Field" said he did not know, that he was afraid to stay at home and work. John said:

"Sam is in the bushes, and if my enemies do not come out and face me like men, I will go into them myself."

But they all agreed to be friends and have no further trouble. "Field" was to tell Sam that he could come home and go to work and that they were not to hurt him; but Sam never came home. This was the first time that "Field" knew that Vince was an enemy to him. He used to deer-drive with his uncle Jim, and he was astonished at his talk.

On Sunday, October 4th, 1874, Vincent Hinchcliff rode out north about a mile, to see a sick man. Coming back about noon, and two hundred and fifty yards from his house, several ruffians had concealed themselves in a skirt of timber, on the east side off the road, which had been fenced in, but had grown up with small bushes. They fired on him sixteen times, four shot guns and twelve pistol shots. He and his horse were both shot dead on the spot. Robert, who started down at the first shot, turned the rise, and what a scene was there to greet his eyes! What a radia of woe surrounded his heart! What a halo of shame! With an agonizing spirit he looked and saw Vince lying face downward on the cold earth, shot to death by unerring missiles from the murderous shot gun. And the bright sun looked sorrowfully down, a silent witness to this deed of unhuman butchery. And in the woods near by were heard the screams of joy and fiendish yells of these ruffians, hold-

ing a regular kickapoo war dance over his remains, while the smoke from their guns was ascending high up in the dome of day as a signal to the surrounding country that another victim had been offered up. Who does not wish that he could have cut fire-brands from the flames of torment, and with unsparing hand scattered them r e l e n t l e s s l y through that forest? Humanity would have directed the stroke, and civilization countenanced it. Heaven help the assassin whose unsteady aim had left Vincent Hinchcliff uncrippled for he had arms and he would have instantly wielded them with a dexterous hand, and unbarred the gates of perdition for two hell-deserving assassins. At two o'clock of that day to men blacked were seen crossing a field three miles east of Vince's, but were not recognized. At the October term, Fielding G., and Samuel Henderson were indicted for this murder.

On the night of the 12th day of December 1874, Captain Sisney and George Hindman, a young relative, were sitting near a window on the south side of Sisney's house, playing dominoes, when an assassin came on the stoop in his sock feet, and shot through the window at Sisney. About forty shot struck him in the right arm, and carried away the muscle. Hindman was badly wounded in the neck and arm, from which he recovered. Sisney's arm withered away. This was a random shot, fired into a family, and the wickedest one ever fired in the county. Marshall Crain said he did this shooting, and that there was no one with him. But tracks of four persons were seen next day, and the sock-footed fellow made leaps that would have strained Marshall Crain considerably. At the April Term, 1875, Timothy Cagle was indicted for an assault to murder each of these parties; but on what evidence I am unable to tell. After Sisney's death, both cases were nolled. Marshall Crain also said that about this time he tried to kill Milton Black,

who had fought "Big Terry," and that he waylaid John Sisney, and came very near killing Worth Tippy, one day, believing him to be Sisney.

On the first day of January, 1875, "Field" Henderson was in Carterville, and Monroe Bulliner went up to him and asked him to explain why he had inquired of the chamber maid at the McNeil House, where he slept. "Field" said he had not done so. Monroe then aksd him to go to the girl and see. "Field" said he would not go, for he had not done so. Monroe said that he was satisfied, but a crowd gathered around who took "Field's" refusal to go see the girl as evidence of guilt. Rough words were exchanged and revolvers drawn, and "Field" commenced backing off. He displayed remarkable coolness and courage. Any other man would have crouched like a spaniel at their feet; or risen like a demon to confront them; but he silently withdrew and boarded the train. The crowd got on also. Monroe came into the same car with him and they talked the matter over, but the crowd was barred up in the baggage car by the conductor, who stood in the door. The train ran a half mile to Crainville, where all parties got off, and "Field" came on to Marion. It afterwards turned out to be one of Bulliner's friends who inquired for his room, in order to get a pistol he had left there. Monroe Bulliner, Wesley Council, J. M. McCarthy, Hugh McCarty and John Moore, were indicted for a riot, for this affray, and were tried at the November Term of the County Court, 1876, and acquitted. When "Field" arrived in Marion, he went to the residence of J. D. F. Jennings, State's Attorney, to see if he was indicted for the murder of Hinchcliff. Jennings told him he was but to keep out of the way until Court. "Field" went home, five miles north of Marion, and Jennings came running up town and told that "Field" had been there with three revolvers, and tried to kill him and "played thunder"

generally. And he had the whole town in great excitement. It was published in the papers, and went the rounds, that "Field" Henderson, the famous outlaw and desperado, had tried to assassinate the State's Attorney for doing his duty. The truth is, he displayed no weapon, but acted as gentlemanly as a man could, to my certain knowledge. I was Henderson's counsel, and we followed Jennings' advice.

In February, the Deputy Sheriff and another man went out to arrest "Field," who, when he saw them, ran up stairs, and when they came in below he climbed down the stoop and started off through the field. They took after him and fired on him six times. He returned the fire three times. After his escape he went to Kentucky, where he remained two months, and in April, 1875, came back and gave himself up, and was admitted to bail on motion, on the 13th day, in the sum of $5,000, which he gave, and at the October Term we went to trial, and proved by fifteen good men that they saw him near a church at the very hour Hinchcliff was killed, twelve miles. And the State's Attorney, after this evidence was in, entered a nolle.

During the summer of 1874, there was an organization of fifteen men, near Carrier Mills, in Saline county, who extended their operations into this county. They called themselves "Regulators," and dressed in disguise, and went around to set things in order. They did not injure any person, but simply notified those who they thought out of the line of domestic duty, and even in financial affairs to flank into line again. They generally gave the victim such a scare that he was willing to do anything to be in company by himself. Such a band is a disgrace to any civilized country; but no serious results or disparaging influence came from this one. Rumors were currently circulated of the good they were doing. Lazy fellows took a scare, and blistered their hands at work; quarrelsome women turned to pray-

ing, and brutish husbands became as loving as Adonis, under the potent influence of this country clique. There was probably an organization of a more serious character in this county. Several men were taken out and whipped, and some ten or fifteen notified to leave the county. This was during the year 1874-5.

On the night of the 23rd of October, 1874, a party of twenty men in disguise visited the family of Henry D. Carter, in Northern Precinct, and ordered him to leave the county within forty days, whereupon a fight took place, and twenty-two balls were lodged in his house. In a few days fifty-two men met in arms at the County Line Church in daylight, and ordered six of the Carters to leave the county. Mr. Carter wrote their names to the Governor, imploring protection. The Governor wrote to Jennings to enforce the law, and of course that ended it. Several anonymous letters were written to editors, threatening them, during these two years; but if there were ever any regular Ku-Klux in this county, outside of the band who hung Vancil, it was in 1875, in the west and southwest sides of the county, and a small band which probably included some members of the Vendetta.

After the death of Hinchcliff, consternation seized every mind; mutual distrust and a want of confidence was felt. The solemn pallor of cholera times hung over our people. Silence prevaded the air. The responsible men were seen standing around in groups, whispering questions that no man dare answer; while the irresponsible part, and dead-beats were loping their horses about town, and making wild goose-sallies out to the edge of the bloody ground, quartering on some good farmer for a day and night, and then come back and report some long, airy story of the whereabouts of some noted assassin. Most men had a plan to advise, but the execution of it was generally left to reck-

less young men, or floating characters, who had nothing to lose and all to gain. Suppressed curses were sometimes whispered against the noted characters, and then the parties would be cautioned, lest he brought the killings to Marion. A low murmur or subdued excitement, would break out in the bloody ground late some evening, and produce the greatest commotion among the neighbors. Pistol shots had been heard at the back of somebody's field, and the sound of hurrying feet of horses running, and out would come five or six men, scared like rabbits, from a thicket. They did not like John Bulliner's movements, or Tom Russell had been seen, or James Norris, a desperate outlaw and daring desperado, armed to the teeth, was lurking in the bushes. Reporters from city papers would come down here, and go as near the bloody grounds as they felt disposed, find out what they could, (and in those days it was dangerous to seek to know more of the Vendetta than they chose to tell,) and then go back and call us a set of "blood-thirsty barbarians," "Italian brigands," and "Night Riding Ku-Klux," and on top of these outrages a series of letters, signed "Big Pete of the Woods,"were published by R. F. Brown, in the *Farmer's Advocate*, in Marion, threatening everybody and especially the State's Attorney. Brown's boy, afterwards, trying to convince me that C. H. Dennison wrote those letters, produced the manuscripts, and I recognized in each of them the hand-writing of J. D. F. Jennings, the State's Attorney. He got terribly scared at his own shadow, and had the sympathy of many people in his great danger. And all the time he was fixing up a plan to steal something and run away, and make the people believe that he had to leave to save his life. He was so warm that he would burn a man with his kindness, and at the same time lived a life of cold-blooded rascality. He even reported that he saw men around his house, trying to kill him; but the

people soon learned to take the square root of what he said for truth.

He was very popular, and the secret of it was his manners, saying and opinions. He was a professional doctor, lawyer, preacher, fiddler, horn-blower and a libertine. When he made music on the square, a crowd would swell around him. When he preached, they all went to hear him, from the talented aristocracy down to the boot-black. He was a rowdy among the rowdies, pious among the pious, Godless among the Godless, and a spooney among the women. He would get up in a sermon and rattle away until the shrouds and lanyards of conscience must have fairly quacked under the strains, and then go, get on a drunk. He was a clerical blackguard, whose groveling passions assumed full sway at all times. Lost to every Christian restraint, degraded in his tastes, villainous in his nature, corrupt in his principles, how wretched was such an apology for a State's Attorney! He suddenly became wise and learned in the law about his compeers, and found out that all our witnesses were accomplices without veracity, and those who were branded as criminals, looked upon the law with contempt of judgment, and we stultified ourselves trying to enforce the law. "The wickedest of the people is indeed great, when the wickedest men among them are men of renown." And yet we had to look to a man as our leader in this great emergency, who bears the character of being a most consummate scoundrel. On his face was written legibly, "a liar, a hpyocrite." A while before he left, he wrote a letter to Samuel Dunaway and a few other rich men of Marion, threatening to kill them, and signed it "Big Pete." Then he went to these parties and said he knew who it was wanting to kill them, and that if they would give him $5,000 he would hire men to kill them, and even told who he could get to do it. He was awful uneasy for them! But his

insinuating toadyism and spaniel-like reverence for his "friends" were but idle and frivolous assertions in this case. They knew his warped and biased soul was steeped in infamy and falsehood. About the time our people began to see the utter futility of expecting anything like justice in a court where this man was State's Attorney, he had the good sense to defraud the county of $900 and run away and owing everybody. As a prosecutor, he was a regular sarcasm on justice, a great hideous burlesque; free from religious scruples, and ready to sail from any point of the compass. He has gone out to humbug some other people, and will live in our history in an immortality of shame and disgrace. He and Brown, of the Farmer's Advocate, did more to injure our county than all the shot guns in it.

In April 1875, the office was declared vacant, and in June J. W. Hartwell was elected to fill the vacancy. On the 22nd day of January, 1875, B. O. Jones, of Massac, introduced a bill in the Legislature to appropriate $10,000 for the relief of Williamson County. But the speaker appointed a committee against us, with L. F. Plater, of Hardin, as chairman. He wrote to our State's Attorney, Circuit Clerk, and others for information, but none of them ever answered him, and the bill was cut down to $3,000, and passed the House too late to be passed by the Senate. Hon. A. C. Nelson, our Representative, won for himself the illustrious appellation of "Egyptian orator," fighting for this bill.

During the spring of 1875, several blinds were found near Bulliner's, and one day John went to Carbondale, and a fresh blind was put up north of his house, about a quarter of a mile, so that they could kill him, as he returned. Monroe found this blind, and told John to look out, and thus saved his life. At one time some men were seen around the house; but they did not get to kill anybody. At this time the people were an entire army of observers. Every man

had his eyes riveted on the horizon of crime, and his ears pricked to hear. On the night of the 4th of July, somebody went to Marshall Crain's house, in Crainville, while he was gone from home, and fired a charge of buck-shot promiscuously around his bed. This gave Marshall such a scare that he determined to go back into the Vendetta, which he had left in January, and he said he hired to John Bulliner to kill Sisney for $300, and got all the money but $5. He wanted to kill John Sisney first, but Bulliner would have him kill the old man. Being afraid to stay at home, he and his wife went to Samuel Music's to board. On the 7th he asked Sam, if he got into trouble would he help him out. Sam said he would. Again, on the 8th, he asked him, and Sam said he would swear for him, and clear him. Marshall said John Sisney had shot into his house, and he wanted revenge, and he wanted Sam to swear him out of trouble. Sam agreed to do so.

About ten o'clock Wednesday, July the 28th, Marshall started out from Music's, and went to a neighbor's, and borrowed a gun, saying that he wanted to go a hunting; but in fact he hardly knew what he did want with it. He went down within two miles of Carbondale and concealed his gun in an old house on the road, near Mrs. Sniders, and went into the field where the Snider boys were threshing wheat. Here he met the famous Allen Baker, and had a few words with him privately. This was late in the evening. He then went back to the old house and left his coat and boots, and just after dark, went to Carbondale, where George Sisney had moved a few months before for safety. It was raining, and in going up East Main street, he carried a board over his gun, to keep it dry. When he met anybody he would lay his gun under the side-walk, pass on and then go back and get it; and this he did as many as six times. Capt. Sisney lived on the northeast corner of the square, his house

extending eastward and facing south, with a porch on the south side. Marshall went up slowly, but Sisney had already retired. He waited around the premises for a while, and when anybody would pass with lanterns, he would go back to an old wood shed in a dark alley, on the east side. The evening train was late that night, and when Marsh, had got tired and almost gave up all hope, it came, and on board was Overton Stanley, a friend of Sisney's, who went directly to Sisney's house to get Sisney to sign a note with him as his security. He called, and about half past nine o'clock, Sisney came down in his parlor, and after lighting a lamp, signed the note and sat down near a window on the south side; his hands lay folded across his lap. It was a night of rain and clouds. The wind swept sighingly through the foliage of the trees, with a rustling sound, as of swollen waters. The long, plaintive howl of the watch dog came hurriedly by, and mournfully fell on the ears of Marshall Crain, when the sobs of the gale would subside. He went into the old shed and put fresh caps on his gun, and then went slipping, half stooped along the porch but was so thirsty that he laid his gun down and went out into the street and drank out of a mud-hole with his hands; then taking his gun, he stepped to the window. The curtains were blown about softly in the breeze. All inside wore the sombre gray tint of light. He gently blowed against the curtains, and saw two men, but could not tell which was Sisney. Again he blowed and saw a pair of legs, and was about to shoot when he saw that the man had on fine boots. That was not Sisney. His breath, assisted by the wind, parted the curtains again, and he saw the black, stiff beard of Sisney. He stepped back, cocked both barrels of his gun, raised it to his shoulder. Just then he heard Sisney say, "I guess it is time to retire." Stanley asked,

"What kind of a man is George Moore?"

Sisney replied: "He is a bad one; he is all right, and is a worse man than he looks to be."

Marshall Crain pulled the trigger, and George W. Sisney laid still in death's eternal sleep. Marshall heard Sisney say—

"Oh, Lord, I am shot! Lord, have mercy on me!"

It was the only expression of despair that ever came from the brave heart of George Sisney, although he had four times before survived the murderous missiles.

"Wearied, forsaken and pursued, at last,
All safety in despair of safety placed,
Courage he thence resumes, resolves to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear."

After the murder that night, the winds sallied, and a cold, white fog laid its moist fingers on the heated pulse of Carbondale. The scene in this stricken, smitten and afflicted family was heart rending. Mrs. Sisney, who had raised the window up stairs and cried out for help, was now wringing her hands in agony. Martha Jane, who was sleeping in an adjoining room below, woke up, heard a strangling noise, and asked her father what was the matter; receiving no answer, dressed herself, and went into the parlor. The light, six feet away, had been blown out by the concussion, and all was dark. Stanley said—

"Your pa is shot. Mr. Sisney is killed dead."

He had locked the front door, and she opened it and called for help. The sad and heavy-hearted citizens came in droves, their eyes flashing with resentment, and their spirits rankling in bitter malice. They followed the assassin a piece but could not keep his trail. Sisney remained seated for an hour and a half upright in his chair, shot under the left nipple, which made a hole two inches in diameter. He was buried on the 30th, on his homestead, with Masonic honors. There we leave him forever. Shall his

memory go back to oblivion and shame, or shall it follow those who have gone without blame from intelligence, virtue or Heaven? I would write for his epitaph, "An honest, brave, true man."

After the murder, Marshall Crain ran down East street with his gun, and crossed into the bushes on the north side of the road leading east. When he got into Mrs. Snider's field, he got lost in the dark. The thunders bellowed over head like the trumpet of the great arch-angel calling sinners to judgment. Crash upon crash, and roar upon roar, till the vast vault of heaven was filled with the giant sound. The lightning, broad and bright flooded the whole sky with a lurid red, flashing its fire across the field, and illuminating with a dreadful light his solitary form alone amid the wrath of the elements. After wading through swamps and bushes, he arrived at his mother-in-law's, nine miles from Carbondale, just before day, tired, wearied and almost broken down. Next morning, Colonel D. H. Bush, of Carbondale, offered a reward of $500, which he refused to pay on the conviction of Bulliner and Baker for the murder of Sisney, and suit was brought against him by B. F. Lowe, which is now pending. Samuel Music, who was teaming for Captain Landrum, was in Carbondale the day Sisney was killed. He saw Marshall Crain there (for he had been in a while that day), who told him that he was there to kill Sisney, and he told Sam where he had left his coat and boots. Sam got them, and wore the boots out. On the morning after the murder, Music said, he, Marshall, and Allen Baker met in Carterville, and Baker gave as a reason for not coming to help him in the killing, as he had promised at Mrs. Snider's, that it rained. About noon, Marshall, Music and John Bulliner, met in Crainville, and Marshall told John that Sam was into this thing too, now, and they both told Sam if he told this he would be the next man killed.

Marshall then told John how he killed Sisney, and John paid him $15, and told him he would pay him the rest when he sold his wheat. The same day, "Big Jep" Crain came to Marion. His presence in town created a great deal of talk, and most people believed he was in the Vendetta. He wanted to join a proposed company of militia, and be the captain. He said he could stop the killing; but before this a subscription paper had been circulated to employ detectives, and he signed $25, and after a while he said "he did not like the direction things were taking," and withdrew it.

He went down to Crainville, Friday evening, about four o'clock, and he and Marshall and Music (according to Music's statement), went down to Marshall's old house, and after playing cards and drinking a while, "Big Jep" said: "The next man to kill is Spence," and told Music to go to John Bulliner's and get a gun for "Black Bill" Crain. Music said he would not do it; that he would be seen but he would get one from John Ditmore, in Crainville, if that would do. "Big Jep" said it would do, and that he would go that night and get "Black Bill" Crain who lived four miles south of Crainville, and meet him and Marsh next morning at the back of Mrs. Hampton's field, which is only three miles south. "Big Jep" went off, and at dark, Music went to John Ditmore's to get his gun, but John would not let it out at night, and told him to come in the morning, which he did very early and got the gun, and put it in Marsh's old house. Then Sam and Marsh got three pints of whiskey, and met in the woods at the back of "Yaller Bill's" field, from where they walked to the back of Mrs. Hampton's field. At the north-west corner a path led up into the woods. They broke weeds and bushes off and threw them in the path as a "sign" and went on up the hill. There they fired three pistol shots as a signal to "Big Jep" and "Black Bill," who came about twelve o'clock, two hours after Marsh and Sam

had got there. The object of this meeting was to initiate Sam into the Ku-Klux as he said that "Big Jep" thought they had better join them for protection, but they did not do so. They agreed to kill Spence that night. Sam, "Black Bill" and Marsh were to do the killing, and "Big Jep" was to keep them out of trouble. He told them, if they got in jail not to mind staying there two or three months, that the door would be smashed in and they taken out.

They parted, and "Big Jep" went with "Black Bill," and Sam and Marsh went to Wesley Crain's and got dinner. Sam went home and then to Carterville, and got some more whiskey, and at dark met "Black Bill" and Marshall at the back of "Yaller Bill's" field, near Crainville. They went up to Marsh's old house, about two hundred yards south of Spence's store where they waited until ten o'clock, when everything got still. Then Marshall took a gun, which he had got out of a hollow tree in the woods, said to be a Bulliner gun, and they circled around through the woods and came up on the east side of Spence's store.

The rose-flush of day had faded in the West. The sombre-gray of twilight had fallen around them, and the watching stars had taken their stand in the conclave up above, like unhappy sentinels doomed to keep watch over the infinity of the ocean. Spence was asleep up stairs. They were environed by the intense stillness. The thought of murder rolled slowly through their minds, but still they did not relent. The eastern horizon was silvered by the rising moon, and looked like a huge mass of beryl whereon burned ruby flakes of vapor, guarded by the vestal stars above. The Sapphire arch overhead burned beautiful and mellow. Marshall went to the door and called out, "Mr. Spence." Spence asked who was there. Marshall said, "John Sisney; I want to get shrouding for a child." Spence said he would be down in a minute. Soon the tall, august form of Wil-

liam Spence, illuminated by a solitary light, was seen towering grandly between the counters. When he got to the door, Marshall fired both barrels into his abdomen — a charge of sixty buck-shot. Spence said, "Marsh, don't shoot me any more!" This was an address to humanity. It was a heart-rending cry of distress from a soul in m o r t a l strait. Such a cry ought not to go unheeded by a brother man; but Marsh ran his arm through the broken pane in the door, and shot him with a pistol in the face, as he fell. He then punched a pane out of the glass front with his gun, and went into the house, and searched around through trunks and drawers for two or three minutes, when "Black Bill" called him out. He had an old empty pocket-book. They walked off east, along the railroad, half a mile, and then turned south into "Big Terry's" field, and came out into an old road, where Music asked, "What will I do if I am arrested?" "Black Bill" said, "Have me and Marsh subpœnaed, and we will swear you clear."

After the shooting of Henderson, no man ever understood that it was necessary to fly. They separated and went home. This occurred July 31, 1875.

William Spence was but little known in this county. He came here a few years ago, but attended to his own business and said but little. He was a good man, strong, firm and dignified to stiffness; but was making money. His death left no orphan or widow to wail at his hearth-stone. Though about forty years of age, he was unmarried. After he was shot he laid in his store all night, and was not found until the holy hush of Sunday morning rested like a benediction on the scene. Sunday morning, Marsh and Music again met at the back of Mrs. Hampton's field, and Marsh drew his revolver on Sam, and told him he believed he was a traitor, on account of some strange whistling he had heard, and if he did not find the whiskey, which he had con-

cealed the day before, he would kill him. While Sam was preparing a hurried absolution, he found the whiskey, which saved his life. Marshall afterwards said he wished he had shot him; that he thought he was neglecting his duty.

On this same day, August 1st, Allen Baker, who lived on the dirt road, at the Crab Orchard Bridge in Jackson county, was fired on by an assassin, who mistook Baker's shadow on the window-blind for his body, and let in a charge of buck shot without killing anybody.

Music was coming back from the meetings at the back of Mrs. Hampton's field on Sunday afternoon, drunk, as usual, and a mile south of Crainville, he fell in with Carroll Wagoner and his wife, who were going home to Crainville. He got in the wagon with them, and the subject of the murder came up, when Music said, "Yes, we put the damned old scoundrel out of the way." Mrs. Wagoner of course knew that "we" meant Music, Marshall and "Big Jep." Late Monday evening following, Music, Marsh and "Yaller Bill" met in Crainville, near Landrum's Mills, and "Yaller Bill" said, "Did either of you boys get my jewelry?" Marsh said, "No." Bill said, "If anybody got his watch, it has his name in it, and they will be detected and pull hemp as sure as hell." He then advised Marsh to take his wife to her mother's and leave the country, and told Sam to stop drinking, or he would leak it out. He said, "There is getting too many in this thing anyway."

This conversation is taken from Music's statement, and was denied by all the other boys. This is the only evidence of "Yaller Bill's" connection with the Vendetta. Our people do not believe he is guilty. They say that if he gave Marsh the advice spoken of by Music, that it is no more than any other brother would have done. Music went to Carbondale on Tuesday, and remained two weeks. While

there, Marsh tried to get him out several times, but Sam was afraid and would not come. Marsh left in about a week after the murder and went to Missouri, and Sam went to Bird's Point, in the same state.

Never has there been a season of such universal consternation and anxiety among all sexes and ages as was in this county. It threatened us and our posterity with perpetual odium, and the very thought of having our county branded with lasting shame, filled us with living emotions of anger and fire. All felt that it was a time to summon every aid, both human and divine, and with the bayonets save our county. Political prejudices and feelings, which had entered largely into the animus of the Vendetta, heretofore, were lost sight of in the duties of the hour. It was an understanding that Republicans sympathized with the Russell side, and the Democrats with the Bulliner side of the Vendetta; but now public considerations of a higher character attracted the attention of our people, and they rose above the trammels of political sympathies, and united as a band of honest freemen. No language that I can command can give adequate utterance to the feelings that it awakened in us, to hear of our friends being shot down like beasts. It was chafing to our hopes and gadding to our spirits. Many believed that we were standing on the threshold of a mighty convulsion, and they watched it with wonder and awe. Others prayed to that Being who sets liberty up and oppression down, to break the tornado that was hanging over us like a pall. Our lands went down in value one-third to one-half. The coal fields lay dormant. The fields of grain that were annually gathered on the west side of the county nearly failed. These were stubborn facts, known at home and read by thinking minds throughout the world. The name of Williamson county had become a hiss and by-word. Strangers shunned us like a serpent,

and the sting was felt. Affairs were deplorable. Ruffianism was rampant. Noted assassins were concealed in the thickets of the bloody ground. This was a daily talk, spoken out in thunder tones, that all understood. The air was filled with omens of distaster. Pass the street corners and the breath of murder was whispered in your face. Bold assassins stalked unbridled and unchecked. To bring these outlaws to justice was the universal desire of our people; but how to do it was a point that put to silence the entire country. The people were cussing the officers. Those who knew anything were afraid to tell it. Some were clamorous for public meetings, others for militia, and a few for rewards. Massac county was crying to us from the memory of her dead Vendetta; Missouri was pleading with us with her mangled hundreds, telling us to think of the gallows and the recollections that it suggested; the newspapers were holding a regular matinee over us, and sending a devastating storm of shot at our blood-stained county. There was no relying on internal strength. What was defective within was aggravated by what was bad from without. The abuse from without aggravated the evil influences within, which caused the banks of crime to overflow, and spread ruin and woe over the fairest lands of "Egypt." The minds which needed hardening were relaxed. The hearts which needed fortifying were dissolved. The passions which needed cooling were irritated and disqualified for considerate action.

At this crisis it was suggested that we meet and pass resolutions that there had never been any crime committed in this county, and straddle the "dark clouds that lowered over our house" on some other county.

During this year the most malignant falsehoods and slanders were hurled over the country about this county, and were received with implicit faith. At any other time

they would have returned to pay the inventor with a vengeance. I raised my voice against these outrages, and claimed that it was steel pens, not shot-guns that were ruining the business interests of our county. I knew that it was not the falling into crime that would ruin us, but the lying in it. And I did not extenuate crime by apologizing for the inaction of our people. I agreed that all collective crimes were conceived in darkness and nursed in secret, and challenged the attention of men only in their efforts and results, and that all our people wanted was time. They would not raise vigilance committees, as they were advised by the press, and go out to cutting and shooting their fellow-men, like the cruel Moors. Unexpected as was this deep display of blood-thirsty feelings, the country ought not to be surprised that our people were unprepared to meet it. We live in an age of surprise. The events of 1875 show us that it is impossible to count on what next week will bring. We never can outlive conspiracy until men are taken by the hand instead of the throat. I did not pause to deny the follies and crimes of individuals in the county had lent plausibility to the maledictions then rife upon us, but insisted that the whole arcana of human ingenuity had been rifled to find a plan to stop it, and that it would be stopped by rewards. The mills of the gods ground slowly in our case, but they ground well. Some of the papers, in speaking of this county, had the skull and cross-bones at the head. I thought that reporters could denounce crime without criminal and barbarous outrages on a community of honest men. Some of them evinced a reckless disregard for justice, fairness and truth, and spoke of us with a venom and zest that argued the basest kind of demonstration, which called for stern and outspoken rebuke from every honest and virtuous man. They tore down the protection of our reputation—the bulwarks of society—and left us defenseless in the pres-

ence of malevolent villaincy.

That anybody should delight in this kind of moral piracy, and leave a community open to the ravages of moral cormorants, is a melancholy subject to think of. God never gave any man the right to poison the springs of happiness in this way. But it is unjust to charge the country indiscriminately with this crime. There were some noble exceptions. The Jonesboro Gazette and Illinois Journal maintained a dignified course towards us that was as commendable and just as it was prudent and wise. During the year 1874-5 this county had as good and trustworthy a set of Justices and Constables as any in the state, and all offenses, except assassinations, were as effectually punished.

On the fourth day of August, 1875, Governor Beveridge wrote to our sheriff, offering to do all in his power to relieve the county whenever the Sheriff thought proper to call on him. At the August Special Term, 1875, the County Commissioners offered a reward of $1,000 for each of the murderers of David Bulliner, James Henderson, Vincent Hinchcliff and William Spence, and on the 9th day of August, the Governor issued a proclamation offering $400 reward for the arrest and conviction of each of the criminals referred to, and also for the murderers of George W. Sisney and George Bulliner. And on the 22nd of August, the Jackson County Court offered $400 reward for the murderers of Sisney and Bulliner.

This was a gloomy period, but it was that gloom which preceded the dawn. It was the dark hour which ushered in the bright morning. Criminals leave gates open for detection. There are certain weak meshes in the network of devilish texture. We are just looking forward to no distant day when the dark veil that concealed the festering crimes of the county should render asunder by a daring and skillful hand. It came. Mrs. Wagoner told her broth-

er, James H. Duncan, of Marion, who the guilty parties were. Mr. Duncan is a man about thirty-six years old, very intelligent, firm as a rock, and a man of remarkable courage. He could not withhold his efforts in behalf of his suffering countrymen, while they were bleeding at every vein. In him, the people felt that they had a leader in whom they could trust. A man of discretion and nerve, and though for a long time he was not publicly known in the work, yet he was backing all the efforts and laid all the plans. A woman told who were guilty, but it took a man of iron to arrest and bring them to justice. Mr. Duncan stood up firmly on the side of the people throughout the prosecutions, and but for his discretion and assistance, we might today be suffering the calamities of a Vendetta. He went to a "friend" and told him he knew who killed Spence, and he intended to have them brought to justice, and he wanted some man to execute his plans. His "friend" advised him to get Benjamin F. Lowe, of Marion. Lowe agreed to go into it. Sam Music was the first man to be arrested. Lowe went to Cairo and inquired at the postoffice for a letter for Samuel Music; being told that there was one, he told the postmaster not to let anybody have it but Music in person. Lowe then got the deputy sheriff, and about an hour Samuel called for his letter and was arrested. Lowe brought him to Marion on the 10th day of September. No confidence was put in the move by the people, and consequently no stir was made until Music was taken before Young, J. P., and asked time for trial. His case was set down for hearing September 20th, and he sent to jail. Two hours afterwards, through the influence of Captain Landrum, who promised him protection, he sent for the Sheriff and Circuit Clerk, and made a complete confession of killing Spence and Sisney, and implicated "Big Jep," "Black Bill," "Yaller Bill," Samuel R. Crain, Marshall Crain, John Bulliner and Allen Baker.

Lowe then swore out writs against these parties for murder, and the Sheriff summoned a posse of twenty-five men and boarded the train for Crainville seven miles west.

Here "Big Jep," "Yaller Bill" and Samuel R. were arrested. The Sheriff then went with a few men to "Black Bill's" and arrested him, and another party went after John Bulliner, and they were all brought to Marion that night and put under guard. Lowe went on to Carbondale and got Crain, and went to Du Quoin after Allen Baker, who had moved up there awhile before. They found Baker at home, and Lowe said: "We want you to go to Marion for killing Spence." Baker made fun of the charge; he got very mad, and Lowe took down a revolver which was sticking in the wall. Baker said, "You damned thief, put that back or steal something else." Lowe said he would when it became necessary; that he would look around—that he thought he could find a Bulliner gun,—this was their pistol. Lowe said, "I have been told that you are a brave man and a powerful man, and that you just ate men whole; so don't be surprised if I act a little curious in your presence." Baker demanded their authority. Lowe told him to look at Bush and himself; they were the papers in the case. Lowe arrived in Marion with him next morning.

On Monday, the 13th, their case was called before John H. Reynolds, J. P., but by agreement was set down for hearing on the 16th. The prisoners were loosely guarded around town for a few days, and the people became indignant, and the Sheriff put them in jail. Music accused Bulliner, Baker and Samuel R. Crain with the murder of Sisney, in Jackson county. Lowe went before Murphy, J. P., in Murphysboro, and swore out a writ for them there, and Sheriff Kimball came over on the 15th, and took them over to the Jackson jail, where they were tried on the 22nd, Music testifying against them, Samuel R. was released for want of evi-

dence against him, and the others committed. The greatest excitement prevailed. A special term of the County Court was convened, and the States Attorney empowered to employ counsel to assist him. He employed the Hon. W. J. Allen and A. D. Duff, of Carbondale. The employment of these men produced a revolution in public sentiment. The rich men stepped to the front, and the bummers stepped aside. Landrum, Ogden, Nelson, Washburn, Ferrell, Herring, Harrison, Goodall, Campbell, Grider, Mitchell, Young, and a host of others, who have stood up for the right and breasted the world's dark tide for the good of the county, came on the stage, holding up one hand to save the innocent, and the other to crush the guilty. And our imagination which had been so used to scenes of blood, was now playing over the rope and gallows; and our ears, which had heard the shrieks of agonizing victims and the fierce yells of their savage slayers, were now saluted by the slogan of returning justice.

On Friday, September 16th, the case was called, the People proving the facts above detailed of the murder. The defense was an alibi, W. W. Clemens and J. B. Calvert appearing for the defendants. Two of the Jacks and two Craigs swore that "Black Bill" was eight miles away that fatal night. "Big Jep" proved his whereabouts by a dozen witnesses. Other minor facts were proven, and after a tedious examination of two days the Court committed all the defendants to jail, except Music, who never had any examination. Music said that Marshall had gone to his wife's aunt in Missouri. Lowe, then in order to find out where his wife's aunt lived in Missouri, had his mother-in-law subpœnaed as a witness against the boys before Reynolds. States Attorney Hartwell then told Mrs. Rich that he believed they were going to impeach her, as she had to swear for the People, and it would be necessary for him to know

where her people lived, so as to be able to meet them. She said her sister lived in Butler County, Mo., and was married to Ben Lewis. She was not used as a witness. Lowe left Marion after the trial and went to Makanda, Jackson County, and at ten o'clock in the night started out to the Smiths, in this county, who were relatives of the Crains. He found where Marshall's folks lived, so that he could shun them, but it being nearly daylight, he went back to Makanda, and laid up all day. Starting out again at night, he soon found where Marshall and his wife stayed all night the night they left the county. It was a half mile east of Makanda. Marshall counted his money here, and said he had enough to go to St. Louis, and then to his uncle, Thomas Crain, in Boone County, Ark. They left here two weeks before for St. Louis, from where he went to Springfield, and then to Boone County, Ark., but returned to Butler County, Mo. He left his wife here with Dr. Adams, and started on foot to the Cherokee Bend to pick cotton, and had got sixty-five miles when he was arrested.

From Makanda, Lowe came to Marion, and on September 20th left for Butler County, Mo. On arriving there, he hired A. Thomas to go out to Dr. Adams and make a survey. He found that Marshall had left on foot for the Bend, carrying a pistol, a budget, and wearing velvet pants. The County Attorney wanted Lowe to remain there until Marshall returned, saying that Dr. Adams would report the fact; but Lowe left Thomas to arrest him if he returned, and took the train for Corning, Ark., thirty-three miles. Here he hired a constable, and left for the Cherokee Bend. Fifteen miles from here he struck Marshall's trail. He had traveled through a wild, sunburnt, arid waste, whose solemn silence is rarely ever broken by the tread of a white man, and his tracks were plainly to be seen in the sand, where the thirsty earth gaped under the merciless sun. Marshall

had given his name as "Crain," from Missouri, and had tried to hire at every place he came to. For fifteen miles Lowe followed his trail. Marshall was inquiring for Jacksonport, and Lowe, when asked what he wanted with him, would say, "he stole a watch up in Missouri." They came to a river, when the ferryman told them that Crain was at Mr. Gray's, a half mile ahead. They rode on up to the house, and a woman was standing at the gate, and when asked said Marshall was in the house, with a chill on him. It was a double log house, with a bed-room between. Lowe went in, and Marshall was lying fast asleep on the bed. Lowe gave him a shake, and he awoke very suddenly, raised up and reached for his pistol over his head. Lowe pushed him back with a Derringer, and asked him his name. He said, "Marshall Crain," and asked, "who are you?" Lowe said, "You know me." Marsh said, "Yes, how are you, Frank Lowe?" The constable was at the foot of the bed. Lowe told him he had a warrant for his arrest, and asked him if he should read it. Marsh said, "No." Lowe then tied him, and took his pistol, and put him on horseback behind himself. At this juncture Gray came out of the field, and Lowe apologized for the liberty he had taken. Gray said it was all right.

The sun was half an hour high, and it was twelve miles to William Gossett's, the next house, where they arrived at ten o'clock. There they got supper. Frank then made a bed on the floor for Marsh, and hired a school teacher for $2.00, to guard him, and lay down himself. He saw Marsh untying the rope from his legs; he got it off. Frank rose and stopped him. Marsh said he would have jumped through the window and been gone in fifteen minutes. They started on, then, and arrived at Corning that evening. Marsh had a chill, and was put to bed in the hotel. Frank also had a chill. Marsh got something to eat, and then Frank called

the jailer, and asked Marsh if he would go without a requisition; if he would not, he would put him in jail and get one. Marsh said he wanted the men to understand that he was going to Illinois of his own free will. He was then handcuffed, and wanted Frank to write to his wife, who was ten miles in the country, that he was under arrest, going to Illinois, and that she must not try to come through on foot, but wait until she got money from him. He said she would come through on foot if he did not tell her. He said she was too good for him, and he cared for nobody else on earth. Within four miles of Cairo, Frank told him about the boys being in jail. He did not believe it. Frank produced a *Globe-Democrat* containing the proceedings at their trial, which satisfied him. Frank said, "Bulliner, Baker and Music have employed me to catch you, so they could swear it onto you, and then come clear; that was the arrangement."

Marsh said, "I don't know so damned well; they are as guilty as I am in the thing." They landed at Cairo Saturday, Sept. 28th, at 4 o'clock a. m., and took a freight train for Carbondale. While going up, Marsh told Frank the whole story that he afterwards swore to. On the train he was very noisy, hallooing for Jeff Davis, and talked freely of killing men. He was mad at everybody, and wanted to be unhandcuffed to fight men who asked him questions. At one place, ten or twelve men stood looking at him. He said, "If your eyes were in dogs' heads there would be sheep killed tonight." Well might he be excited, for he was in the hands of a powerful, shrewd, ingenious man, who brought every cunning contrivance, and subtle influence to bear on him, to get a confession out of him. It was a wonderful achievement, on the part of Lowe, to get a full confession out of a great criminal like Marshall Crain in so short a time. He was afraid of a mob, at Carbondale, and seemed

anxious and reckless. When the whistle blowed at Carbondale he was frightened. Frank told him that the good people and officers of Carbondale would assist him against a mob, and if he had thought of danger he would have telegraphed to Marion for twenty men. He wanted to know if the people were very bitter against him. Frank told him they would only hang him, that was all. He said he did not care for his life.

At Carbondale the people did not know him, but presently John Crain came in and settled the matter. Frank took him out to the old house where he had concealed his gun the night he killed Sisney, to get some powder and shot which he said Allen Baker had put there for him to kill Sisney with. They found the powder. Frank left him at Carbondale, where he received medical attention until Monday, when he was taken to the Murphysboro jail.

On the 17th day of September, Sheriff Norris wrote the Governor for arms and ammunition for a company of militia. On the 19th, the Governor promptly responded that he had sent 100 rifles by express. The sheriff also sent the names of Z. Hudgens for Captain, W. J. Pully first, and Wm. Hendrickson, for second Lieutenants, but these men were not commissioned. The guns arrived Saturday, the 21st, and an effort was made to raise a company of militia by the Sheriff which ended in a "big laugh." But on the 15th previous, W. N. Mitchell and J. W. Landrum returned from Springfield with power to raise two companies, which they did; one at Marion and one at Carterville. The company at Marion was raised on the 25th, and the guns opened. J. V. Grider was elected Captain, Wm. Hendrickson first and W. J. Pully second Lieutenants. There was some opposition to the militia, but these officers were responsible, brave, cautious men, and did nothing to irritate the public, and went quietly along, doing their whole duty. The

Carterville company elected Landrum Captain, Wm. Dowell first, and Wilshire Bandy second Lieutenants. A kind of local pride seized the surrounding counties at this time, and they were continually holding up the misfortunes of each other, and justifying themselves.

John Bulliner and Allen Baker were indicted at the October term of the Jackson Circuit Court and went to trial at the same term, defended by F. E. Albright, of Murphysboro. Marshall Crain, who was taken from his cell one night, made a desperate effort to escape by running from his guard and falling on the ground, but was recaptured. He had been before the grand jury and swore against Bulliner and Baker, but now formed the design of going back on what he had stated there, and clearing the boys; and wrote the following letter to them in jail, which he was probably persuaded to write:

"Allen, I want you and John to post-man Jack, Sam, Yaller and Thedford, Johnny Rich, Jeff, Yaller Bill, Wesley and Sarah Rich that they were to have a surprise party at Sarah Rich's, and I came in eight or nine o'clock, on the night George Sisney was shot and that I was barefooted. I know I sent my boots and coat by Sam Music, but that won't convict me. Now, boys, do all you can for me and I will do all in my power for you. Employ the same lawyer for me that you and Allen have got. All is right; if I hang, I fear I will hang. John lecture for me in this case and clear me. When Spence was killed I was at Cal Craig's. Prove this by him and other witnesses, tell to them that I was there about half after nine o'clock, on the night Sisney was killed. Allen, you and John and all the boys will come clear. I shall swear that I was forced to swear what I did; if I hang it's all right. I shall swear that Sam Music told me that he killed Mr. Spence, and he told me that he was going to put ammunition in that house, so when he turned

State's evidence he could make some proof. He told me this. Can you and John state too that he told you that he put it there when he was hauling for Landrum. If you and John come clear, go and post Mrs. Rich and Johnny, and Wesley and Anderson Thedford; tell Ant. Thedford to swear he seen me close to his daddy's, at about nine o'clock as he came from his daddy's. He said he would swear anything for me. Post James Craig and prove by these, and tell mother not to go back on me, and clear me; they can do it. Have they swore against me? Tell Jim Craig I want to prove I was at his house by him and another witness when Spence was killed. Give information how I will move my trial to Marion."

This letter was to be destroyed by the boys; but when Marsh went on the stand and denied as he was to, any knowledge of the killing of Sisney, Albright produced this letter, and asked him if he wrote it. Marsh saw the point to this, that he was to be made the guilty party, and he turned like a furious lion and swore them both to prison. Music also swore the facts heretofore detailed. The case closed on the 12th of October, after lasting a week. On the next day the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, with the penalty of twenty-five years in the State prison. The case was prosecuted by State's Attorney Pugh, and Duff and Allen, the latter of whom made the finest law speech probably ever made in the West. The prisoners were jovial and noisy until the verdict came in, when a sad, heavy, forlorn expression settled on the brow of Bulliner, never to be removed. Baker was evidently at his father's house, in Carbondale the night that Sisney was killed. He lived about two miles east of there, and went home about ten o'clock that night, and when arrested told Mrs. Hill, with whom he and his wife boarded, that his life depended on what she swore, and suggested that he came home about nine o'clock, but did

not ask her to swear falsely. She swore to this conversation, and it ruined him. The powder and shot which they proved he bought, was probably left at Purdy's mill. He had had a difficulty with Purdy a while before. $200 worth of belts were cut to pieces, and some powder, shot and caps found lying there.

Baker is about thirty-three years old, fair complexion, long black hair, thin build, and has a desperate-looking gray eye; raised in this county. He was considered a wild reckless, uncertain fellow. He once killed a man near Pine Bluff, Arkansas, while a soldier, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the military prison. He had been married for some months. Marshall Crain once said to me, "Milo, I have got religion as to all my sins but one, and I want to ask you about that." "What is it?" I asked. He answered, "You know I swore a lie against Allen Baker; it was me that killed Sisney, and I swore that it was him." I asked him why he did it. He said, "To save my own neck." I told him that I was no preacher, but if he acted in good faith to save his own neck, it was no sin, but I thought self-defense; that a man had a right to exert all the powers which God had given him, to save his neck, either to swear a lie or to take life. He said that was looking at it in a new light. I said, "Then, Marsh Baker is not guilty?" He replied, "Well—yes—God d—— him; he got nothing but justice. He was always agreeing, promising and contracting, but I never could get him on the grounds."

It was a heart-rending scene to see John Bulliner parting from his aged mother. He went to the penitentiary and she returned home, to live through dark days and nights, with the clumsy and crude condolence this world gives, and now lives in a little cottage, a half-mile north of the Bulliner homestead. Her life speaks, and her children read in it, "No ray of light for the future." Hence-

forth she can say, "I'll bear affliction till it do cry out itself enough, enough, and die. The scene of beauty and delight is changed. No roses bloom upon her faded cheeks. No laughing graces, wanton in her eyes; but grief, lean-looking, sallow care and pining discontent; a rueful strain dwells on her brow, all forlorn."

At the October session of the Williamson Circuit Court, Music, "Big Jep," "Black Bill," "Yaller Bill," and Marshall, were all indicted for the murder of Spence. Music's case was continued; Noah W. Crain alias "Yaller Bill," was admitted to bail on motion; William J. Crain alias "Big Jep," and William J. Crain alias "Black Bill" prayed for a change of venue, and their case was sent to Alexander Co. The indictment against "Yaller Bill" was nollied at the April term, 1876. On Tuesday, October 19, 1875, Marshall T. Crain was arraigned and plead not guilty. He had no attorney, and the Court appointed W. W. Clemens, who filed an affidavit for a continuance, which the Judge said was not sufficient. On Wednesday, October 20th, the defendant again renewed his motion for a continuance. The Judge said he could not entertain two motions for a continuance, but that every witness mentioned in the affidavit, should be here tomorrow. The defendant then in person withdrew his plea of not guilty, and entered one of guilty to the crime of murder, as charged. To this the State's Attorney objected, saying that he could not withdraw his plea of not guilty. The defendant insisted by himself and counsel that he had a right to plead guilty, and throw himself upon the mercy of the Court. The Court then fully explained to the defendant all his rights, and the consequence of entering a plea of guilty; when the defendant again, after a full knowledge of all his rights, entered a plea of guilty. The Court then had the indictment again read to the defendant, and then again ask him if he was guilty or not, and the defend-

ant again pleaded guilty to murder. The Court then ordered a jury called, when Crain said he did not want a jury, that he threw himself on the mercy of the Court. Then Judge Crawford ordered a plea of guilty to be entered, and the case continued until Thursday. On that day witnesses were called and examined and from the evidence it appeared beyond all doubt that Marshall Crain was guilty of murder.

During the examination of witnesses the court room became crowded with ladies and gentlemen. Marshall's wife came in and took a seat by him. She is a small, sallow, serene, calm-looking woman, with a half-closed, glassy, soulless eye. She seemed perfectly indifferent to the battery of eyes upon her. At the close of the evidence, Marshall, who had sat like a statue, only occasionally laughing, seemed nervous and excited. After a few minutes of awful suspense, Judge M. C. Crawford said:

"It is not often that we are called to decide a question of so great importance as this. Marshall Crain has been indicted, arraigned and now acknowledges himself guilty of the highest crime known to the law." Here he rehearsed the manner of his pleading guilty, and said, "It is natural for all men to avoid serious responsibility, and I would much rather his case had been tried by a jury; but the defendant persisted in his plea of guilty, and threw himself on the mercy of the Court; and that I might act advisedly, I had the witnesses summoned and brought to court to see if the plea was really true, as pleaded in his case; and it clearly appears, not only by the plea, but by the mouths of witnesses, that the defendant is guilty of murder. A murder that seldom occurs in any country, and among any people, a murder without passion. Out in the still woods, God's first temple, they coolly and deliberately planned to take the life of their fellow-man." Here the judge and the whole

audience were bathed in tears. He then went over the circumstances of the killing in a feeling and touching manner, and continued, "The Legislature, in making the death penalty, clearly contemplated that there would cases arise which would deserve this penalty." Again he rehearsed the facts to see if they met the requirements of the highest penalty. "By the law we stand or fall. No other crime equals this in coolness, and by all the laws of God and man, this man has forfeited his life to the people of the state. The responsibility is a great one. I hope to God that never again will a court in a civilized country have this duty to do." Here Judge Crawford burst out in a flood of tears, and after a short pause, dashed the tears from his eyes, his face lighted up with an unearthly radiance, he said, "The people and my position make it my duty to administer the law and promise its judgment, and before my God and my fellow-men, I must do my duty. What have you to say, Marshall Crain, why sentence of death shall not be pronounced against you?"

Marshall, with a chilled and torpid color, a cold moisture gleaming on his forehead, a severe and majestic expression in his eye, notably intensified by the strong language of Judge Crawford, rose, and in a clear voice said, "I have had no time to prepare for trial. I have been forced into trial. I have been indicted and tried (Two-and-a-half days) without time to consult a lawyer. I was dragged into this work by other parties. I had a higher power and influence over me. I could not resist. I don't think I have done enough to be hung for. Spence was harboring parties that were trying to kill me. I don't think I deserve hanging. I was influenced by John Bulliner, a man of good mind and education, and I am not a man of good mind, and no education."

Crawford said, "I am now about to pronounce against

you the highest penalty of the law, and in all probability the sentence will be executed, and you will have to appear before a bar transcendently greater than this. There remains but few powers that can give you relief. The Chief Executive may interfere and commute your sentence or pardon you, and the Supreme Court may reverse your judgment; but it is my duty to tell you that neither of these will likely be done. Therefore, I warn you to make your peace with God." Here he spoke of the consolation of the Christian Religion, and said: "I will call upon you, Marshall Crain, as a living witness, that I have warned you to prepare to meet your God," and continued: "That sentence of the Court is that the defendant be hanged by the neck until he is dead, within the walls of the prison in the town of Marion, County of Williamson and State of Illinois, on the 21st day of January, A.D., 1876, between the hours of ten o'clock in the morning and two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. May God have mercy upon you."

As Crain was taken to the jail he boasted to the guard that he would never shed a tear. The next day, he asked permission to come before Judge Crawford and tell all he knew about the bloody Vendetta. But he was sent to the grand jury and confessed the facts detailed by Music, as to himself; but was taken from there, screaming at the top of his voice, and his atoning lamentations were heard around the jail for several days. The same day he wrote a letter to Crawford, telling him he had done his duty, and he hoped he would continue to do it, and that the people would forgive him for his crimes, and that the county might be restored to its original peace and prosperity.

After the same term of Court, Calvin Craig, Robert Craig, Monroe Jack and John Jack were indicted for perjury for swearing the alibi for "Black Bill," before Reynolds, J. P.

After the sentence of Crain, a guard of ten men were detailed from the militia to guard the jail by night and two by day. This guard did its duty faithfully until after the execution. Nightly attacks were expected from the "Ku-klux," which were supposed to exist in the county. The guards were often summoned to fall into line at some apparent alarm.

Noah E. Norris, the Sheriff, is about thirty-five years old, a quiet, honest man, and a cousin to the Crains, and on this account there was considerable feeling against him. He was often threatened, and violent outbreaks of passion were sometimes expected, and it was talked "that some man had to hang on the 21st." But it is true that he performed his duty, and that under the most trying circumstances and greatest disadvantages that ever a Sheriff did. When the feeling against him was at its ebb, he removed Charles Robinson, the jailer, a man that the people had confidence in, and put in David Coke, a comparative stranger. But it so happened that Coke was a man from the ground up, and made one of the best and most reliable jailers in the state.

On the 27th day of October, George W. Sisney, Jr., came to the cell, and Marshall said, "Wash, I am ruined, I murdered your father, and ask you to forgive me," and fell weeping on his knees. Wash said: "You murdered him without cause, and I will never forgive you," and walked away with the excitement of gratified vanity lighting with radiance on the vestal roses of his cheeks. Some said that Wash ought to have forgiven him, "that forgiveness is the odor that flowers breathe when trampled upon." Others said he did right.

Marshall spent his time reading the Bible until, by the 21st of November, he was ready for baptism, according to the rites of the Christian Church. He was dressed in a long, white robe, and taken out under heavy guard, to the

mill-pond of Mann & Edwards, and after a sermon by W. H. Boles, was baptised into the church.

November 27th, another militia company was organized in the east end of the county, with J. T. Cunningham as Captain, and George Burnett, first and John Davis second Lieutenants.

December 21st, when the night guards went on duty they went into Marshall's cell, where "Black Bill" and "Big Jep" also stayed, and Marsh was gone. The jail was instantly surrounded by the guards, who cocked their guns to shoot him off the roof. The Captain again went into the cell, and found that a hole had been sawed and burnt through the ceiling. A boy was sent up in the garret but could not find Marshall. The Captain then found him rolled up in a mattress, in the cell, having come down from the garret, when the alarm was given. He had commenced sawing the shingles out of the roof, and had his blankets torn up for a rope to let him down. How the saw got into the cell is not known. The other boys said they had nothing to do with the attempted escape; that they "aimed to saw out with the statute." After this Marshall was chained down, as he said, "for the slaughter."

On the 25th of December, James H. Duncan, assisted by W. M. Davis and J. V. Grider, the plans having been previously arranged by Duncan—ran in on James Norris at Mr. Proteete's, at a ball, five miles southeast of Marion. This man is the most notorious and dreaded of all assassins. Sisney tried for a year to have him arrested. He was brought to Marion and put in the same cell with Marshall.

"Big Jep" and "Black Bill" remained in jail until the 31st day of December, when they were taken to Cairo for trial. The case was called January 28th, and lasted until the 8th day of February. In addition to the facts detailed heretofore of the killing, two witnesses swore to seeing

"Black Bill" going up to Crainville that fatal evening, another that he was at home in bed next morning, facts inconsistent with the alibi. Threats were sworn to by Narcissa Wagoner on "Big Jep" of a bad character. Music was corroborated by many other circumstances, such as the bringing in of the weed broken at the back of Mrs. Hampton's field. Several other witnesses swore to the alibi of both boys. A great many swore they would not believe Music on his oath, and they proved good characters. In all, there were about one hundred witnesses. Clemens, Calvert and Linegar appeared for defendants, Allen and Duff for the People. The jury found a verdict of guilty, and ten of them being for hanging and two for acquitting, they compromised on a term of twenty years. When the verdict was read, "Big Jep" cried; but "Black Bill" remained unmoved.

On the 18th day of February, a motion for a new trial was overruled, and the prisoners were taken to Joliet.

"Black Bill" stands six feet three inches in height, dark skin, sharp features, gray eyes, black hair and mustache, and very neat in his dress, about thirty years old, and unmarried. "Big Jep" is thirty-five years old, stands six feet one inch in height, a full, round face, large head, light blue eyes, brown hair, fair complexion, and, like Bill, dresses neat.

Music said of "Big Jep": "He did all the planning, but he is a coward, and whenever anything was to happen he would skulk to some relative, and lay concealed like a cutthroat until the crime was over, and then, like a bird of ill-omen, his death-screech was again heard."

Narcissa Wagoner, who swore against "Big Jep," (she having boarded him and Spence at the same time they had their difficulty) is a daughter of George Duncan, a good citizen of this county, and wife of Carroll Wagoner. She is about thirty years of age, and is a woman of strong

intellect. Her testimony was clear, consistent and conclusive. Before the trial at Cairo it was whispered around that her character for truth would be assailed. But persecuted, wounded, bleeding, hunted-down Williamson county rose like a furious lion at the mention of this, and insinuated that it would be considered an assault on honor, an attempt at justice; and the noise silenced. She is the lady who unlocked the archives of secrecy and let the light shine in. For a time she kept the signet sealed in her own heart, but her spirit chafed and her divine form wasted beneath the load. It came to her in her dreams that she ought to tell it. Honor was beating at her bosom. The lives of future victims were pleading with her. The wild winds wafted begging from suffering women to her. All social life demanded it. The moral sense of the civilized world called on her to tell. Our lands had depreciated three millions of dollars, and the people were hopeless; but she put her finger on the guilty party, and the fountains of blood dried up; and the breast of every law-loving citizen swelled with joy and pride at the action of this heroic lady. Humanity will not forget the generous woman who, though living among the criminals, dared to take the proud rank of dignified resistance to subordination, and spend the unbrought grace of her life saving her country, where man had failed. She lives in this emancipated, disenthralled county today, an illustration of her exalted womanhood, with the gratitude of her county.

On the 12th of January, 1876, Marshall constructed him a gun out of an old tin can, by rolling the tin around a stick and wrapping it with wire. He then took a large cartridge which Norris had, and when he was turned loose to exercise, went to the provision door and called Music, and told him he wanted to look at that, as he wanted to show him a sign. He then put the gun in the door and

struck the cartridge three times with a poker, but it did not fire. One of the guards told Sam he was going to shoot him, and Sam got away. Marshall said he did not expect to shoot Sam, but to shoot above his head and make him break his neck jerking back. On the 14th, when he lost all hopes of killing Music, he threw his gun out of the window. On the 15th, the following conversation took place between him and Robert Wallace, day guard. Marshall, looking out into the hall, asked:

"Is that the place?"

W.—"Yes."

"Where shall I stand?" said Marsh.

W.—"On a trap door."

M.—"I thought I would stand above it; will I fall through to the floor?"

W.—"You will drop four feet."

M.—"I want to drop six."

W.—"That would jerk your head off."

M.—"How will the gallows be fixed; will the post come up from below?"

W.—"No; it will be a frame fixed on the floor above."

M.—"Do you think God will pardon a man calling on him in the last moments?"

W.—"I can not tell."

M.—"I heard Sisney say when I shot him, 'Oh, Lord, have mercy on me.' The Bible says, 'He that calleth upon the Lord, he will pardon.' Do you think Sisney is in Heaven?"

W.—"I hope so."

M.—"So do I, and I wish he was."

Up to this time he had been jovial and funny, but now he said he had troubled the guards enough; he had something else to think about; that he would do no more to get out, and he hoped none of them thought hard of him.

On the 25th day of October he wrote to his cousin, Jesse Ragsdale, of Missouri, giving an account of his melancholy condition, and on the 16th he tried writing again. He wrote a letter to an abandoned woman in the south cell of the jail, advising her to live a life of virtue. This was a sensible letter. He was now daily attended by ministers and religious people, and by his faithful wife. On the 18th and 19th, the gallows was erected by Samuel S. Ireland, by cutting a hole in the upper floor, three feet ten inches square, in which he made a trap door, and erected two posts with a cross beam, six and a half feet from the trap door. On the morning of the 19th, Marshall awoke and screamed out, "Oh, Lord, let me die easy!" and then prayed for a while audibly. On the morning of the 21st, he yearned to pour the balm of forgiveness into the goaded bosom of Music. The strife was over, and the battle lost, and the scars of a wounded spirit were imprinted on his face, as the lightning leaves its scathings, and the storms of passion leave their deep and blasted traces on the soul. He asked for Sam to be brought into his cell; but Sam would not go. Marsh told them to get me, that I could bring him in. Sam said if I advised him he would go in. I did not, but offered him protection, he did not go. Marsh said, "Tell Sam to forgive me." I did so, but Sam would not, saying that Marsh had told things on him that were not true. Marsh said that was so, and now to ask him again. I did so, and Sam forgave him for all wrongs. It was a sad scene—two desperate men tamed to child-like softness, and weeping bitterly. They then went over their troubles together, and I carried the words from one cell to the other. Soon after, Marsh's wife entered his cell, and he took her on his knees and embraced her. It was a scene which should be sacred from all intrusion. Even the eye of friendship should not invade its hallowed bounds. Her eyes glittered with a

metallic gleam, and the soft curl of her lips was lost in a quiver of despair. Her's was a deadly pallor. It was the incandescence, and not the flame of passion, that was burning in her inmost being. She would burst out into shrieks of great anguish, and then subside into sobs. She dreaded the heaving of her own bosom—dreaded the future and the world. If she could have died she would have been happy and holy in the hope of mercy. To be torn from a love made holier by past sorrows, was an insult to the attribute of Heaven. Marsh was in his sock feet, with a pair of jeans pants on, and a ragged jeans coat. He looked care-worn, and shed a few tears. Twenty-seven years old, spare-made, weight 120 pounds, light hair, fair skin, light-gray eyes, with a bashful expression. He was married to Miss Rhoda Rich, March 4th, 1874. In speaking of the murder of James Henderson, Marshall said that John Bulliner gave Jonas G. Ellett and Mart. Dyal $300 to do it.

By ten o'clock an anxious and expectant crowd was swaying to and fro in front of the jail. He bade farewell to his friends, and told them to bury him in the Hampton Cemetery. At eleven o'clock the militia formed on the square, and marched to the jail and surrounded it. At least 3,000 people were present. The jail is situated a little southeast of the Square, and is a brick building, two stories high, with cells up stairs. At twelve o'clock he was dressed in a white suit, with his robe over it. At twelve o'clock and ten minutes he took his leave of his wife. At twelve o'clock and twenty minutes, with a firm step, he walked out of the cell and stood before a window on the east side, and in a strong voice said: "Gentlemen, I must make a statement in regard to this matter. I feel it my duty to God and man to make it. I am guilty of killing the two men. My punishment is just. I hope all of you will forgive me. I pray God will judge and prosper this country. Good-bye to all." He then

read a poem of twenty-four verses, which he composed for the occasion. Then, with a firm, steady step, he walked on to the trap-door. At 12:34 Sanford W. Gee read a few passages of Scripture from John, and then sung, "There is a fountain filled with blood," Crain and all the rest joining in the singing, and then Gee prayed, Crain getting on his knees. The jury was then called and answered. About thirty persons were in the hall. At 12:46 his legs and arms were bound; at 12:52 the white cap was put on his head, and John B. Edrington, Deputy Sheriff, told him that he had a death warrant, saying, at this hour and at this place he was ordered to hang him. At 12:54 the rope was put on his neck, and the front part of the cap pulled down by J. L. Kelly. When he was asked if he had anything to say, said, "I am the murderer of William Spence and George Sisney; that is all I have to say." He was asked if he was ready to receive the execution, and said, "I am." He was then told that he had four minutes to live and said, "That was all." At 12:56 the Deputy said, "Time up," and Brice Holland severed the rope which held the trap-door, and Marshall Crain swung between Heaven and earth. After the jerking of the rope he swung around and then was still; he did not struggle. At 1:06 his pulse beat twenty; at 1:18 no pulsation at his wrist; at 1:22 pulsation ceased, and life was pronounced extinct by Drs. S. H. Bundy and John O'Hara. After hanging thirty minutes the body was cut down, and his neck was found partially dislocated; the eyes and countenance looked natural. Sheriff Norris mournfully did his duty up to the time of the execution and then left, saying the law should take its course. At 1:30 his body was put in a coffin and taken outside the jail and exhibited to the people, and then given to brother Warren, who started at 3:00, for home. He was buried next day. And the wild winds of heaven will sing their hoarse lullaby over his grave

until the mighty angel Gabriel writes the solemn legend, "Finis," on the hoary page of time.

No polished stela points to his rest. He left to his wife as a legacy, the memory of a sad and unhappy man. He had nothing to plead in extenuation of his crime against the laws of his country; but he has the frailty of human nature to plead for him at the bar of God. This is a plea that has ever opened the chambers of mercy to the sorrowing children of men. Crain was hung, "and yet men whose guilt has wearied Heaven for vengeance, are left to cumber earth." Marshall was not a man of genius; but when he came to this work of blood his skill was displayed in a wonderful manner. So ingeniously were his plans laid, and so dexterously executed that nothing but treachery itself could unravel them.

Part of Marshall's poem was discovered by Cyrus Oberly to have been taken from one by William Delaney, a New York desperado.

James Norris is twenty-five years old, a large, fine-looking man, very intelligent and pleasant, but was a wild, reckless boy—loved all kinds of amusements, and got into some difficulties, and was several times indicted. His father is a respectable citizen of this county. James worked for Bulliner in 1874, when he got into the trouble with Russell and Pleasant. At the April term 1876, he was indicted for the murder of James Henderson, and went to trial defended by Clemens and myself—Allen and Duff prosecuting. Henderson's dying declaration was introduced, saying that he saw and knew Norris; also, Jacob Beard testified that he met Norris in Cairo, five days after the shooting, and Norris was armed, and said he was on the scout, and asked if Henderson was dead, saying he knew who killed him. The defense was an alibi, four witnesses swearing that he was in Tennessee that very day. The jury found him guilty,

and fixed his time at eighteen years. In overruling the motion for a new trial, the Court said he could not let the verdict stand, only on the fact that Beard's testimony made him an accessory to the crime. He was carried to Joliet, April 27th. Since that Clemens went to McNairy county, Tennessee, and got fifteen other affidavits that he was there at the time.

It had been reported in Tennessee that some of the Hendersons were seen there trying to kill Norris and Bulliner, and a company of one hundred men were raised and scouted the country there, in which Norris took part; but the Governor refused to pardon him. The people said, "This 'alibi' business is getting 'too thin'," and there was a strong prejudice existing here against the Bulliner family in Tennessee. They thought David Bulliner, Sr., was running the whole Bulliner side of the Vendetta, and any one coming from McNairy county was looked upon as a scoundrel. This was all wrong. David Bulliner is a good man, and his son George is as polished a gentleman as lives in Tennessee. Those other men are common, sober, honest men. James Norris was not proven guilty.

Samuel Music stands five feet ten inches high, thirty-four years old, spare built, light complexion, high cheek bones, pale blue eyes, mustache, and a low, broad forehead, with black, curling hair, and has an honest, open countenance. He was born in 1842, in Jefferson County, Illinois. He had three sisters and four brothers. His father was a poor farmer, and at ten years of age Sam lost his mother. In 1854, his father moved to Union County, Ky. When the war came up, he and two of his brothers joined the 13th Kentucky (rebel) Cavalry, and served one year. Was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Uniontown and Rollington. He deserted the rebels and took the oath. In 1863, his father moved back to this state. Sam came back and was ar-

rested and taken to Louisville, where he remained three months, and was tried for being a guerrilla, and turned over as a prisoner of war, and sent to Camp Chase. In 1865, he was turned loose and came to Illinois. He subsequently lived at Centralia, and for the last eight years lived around Carbondale, working, teaming generally, and drove a hack to Marion for six months, in 1869. In 1872, he hired to drive a log team at Mt. Carbon, and, while at this business, in the edge of Missouri, was married to Miss Mary A. Griffan, a very handsome little lady. In August, 1874, he hired to Landrum to team, and moved to Crainville. He has always been a drunkard, and is illiterate. During all the trial and fatigue of the prosecutions, he stood up without murmur or complaint. His fortitude never failed under the most searching cross-examinations, but mild, firm and confiding, he told the same story over and over. If he had refused to testify, or had broken down, the blood of other men would have stained the soil of this county. He said he got into this thing when he was drunk, and had no idea of killing anybody, and now he had done more than justice, he had not been selfish from passion of principle; but had told the whole truth. His case went to trial April 17th, 1876, defended by myself alone, Allen and Duff for the People, who proved his confession, etc.

The defense was that the confession was made under the influence of hope, and not proper evidence. After the argument, the jury took the case, and was out twenty-one hours, and failed to agree; eleven being for acquitting, and one for conviction. And the case was set down for trial on the 21st. By that time I was afraid to try to clear him again, lest I failed, and it poisoned the public mind against him. Thus far it had been his faithful friend, and the prosecution now threatened to be severe. So, the danger of turning public sentiment against him, was greater than the

hope of clearing him. And, if I had failed, and the people turned against him, there would have been no hope of pardon. So, I was forced to agree to a verdict of guilty, and a term of fourteen years. Beveridge told B. F. Lowe and J. W. Landrum that what ever they wanted done with Music he would do. He, also, wrote to Duff and Allen, when he employed them, that they might say to Music, if they thought best, that if he stood firmly by the truth throughout all the trials, he would be the subject of executive clemency. And the people supposed that he would make it a point of honor to keep this promise. A petition was sent him, signed by the parties designated, asking Music's pardon; but he refused to interfere in the case.

At the April term, Samuel R. Crain was indicted as accessory to the murder of Spence. He was arrested, but being in the last stages of a pulmonary disease, was bailed in the sum of $5,000.

Milton Baxter had been indicted for the murder of Hinchcliff, and he had been arrested and confined in jail a while. At this term the People nollied. He, nor his brother, were connected with the Vendetta, no further than being strong friends to Russell and "Texas Jack."

With this, I seal the volume, and turn my eyes away from the bloody acts of depraved men, hoping with all the fervor of which my soul is capable, that God will add no other plague to our county. Enough has been done, to teach the world that sorrow is the first result of ambition, malice or revenge. The first gun of the Vendetta that rang out in the air, betokened a coming storm, and since then crime's destiny and miseries' tale has been unfolded with the stencil plates of blood on the souls of men. Many have become bankrupt on the pathway to shame. The different phases of human life display with unmatched and unequaled clearness to our senses the great wrongs and sins to mankind,

and when we, in the course of our lives and professions meet them, we are startled from our unusual composure, and always do take them for warning in the future. I wish they would not occur to attract our notice. I wish we could be spared the recital of such crimes, revealing, as they do, one after another the sins and depravity of society. But justice demands that the guilty should bear the reproach, and that the stain should be washed away from the innocent. And while a man has a right before God to protect his own life, he cannot become the aggressor without blame. It was not that spirit of barbarism which kills men in Kansas, that governed the Vendetta, but that spirit which fights duels in Louisiana. It was the knock-down style of the West, coming in contact with the code of the South. The men who killed Bulliner would have fought him a fist fight, but they would not fight a duel; and they knew that it was death to insult a Bulliner and then face him. So, they laid down all rules, and that is why the shooting commenced on the other side. It would never have commenced on the Bulliner side; and it is not to be wondered at if they accommodated themselves to this mode of fighting in the bushes.

The age of chivalry is gone, but it has left its traces on the hearts, and it may be that they chose to exercise it in a more murderous, but less public way. The chastenings of honor inspired both parties with courage, and mitigated their ferocity; for they did not rob or steal, but simply killed. Their common cause gave them unbridled and unfettered alliance, each acting in subordination to the other. They held secret meetings, where powder and lead was the toast, and where they rejoiced over the death of an enemy like a conquering gladiator in the Roman Coliseum, with the fire of revenge roasting in their eyes. And so deep-laid were their plans, that treachery alone succeeded where stratagem and ingenuity had failed. The judgments against

these parties stand out resplendent with the light of noonday as a beacon of warning that they will be duplicated when ever occasion requires it. At this time, but one side of the Vendetta had been punished. All on the other side have escaped.

Joseph W. Hartwell, the State's Attorney, served the people well in these prosecutions, and they have rewarded him by re-electing him. He was born in this county, and raised a poor boy. When the war came up, he joined the Thirty-First Regiment Illinois Volunteers, and was at the battles of Raymond, Champion Hill, Vicksburg, Kenesaw and Atlanta. July 21, 1864, at Atlanta, his left arm was taken off by a twelve-pound howitzer ball. He came home March, 1865, and that fall was elected County Treasurer. He lived very hard, having a large family, and studied law under many disadvantages, but was admitted to the bar in December, 1866. In 1868 he was elected Circuit Clerk, and again ran in 1872, but was defeated. In 1874, he was elected Mayor of Marion and May 15th, 1875, elected State's Attorney.

The people owe a debt of gratitude to Benjamin F. Lowe, for his bravery, skill and firmness. He was born in Effingham county, in 1838, moved to Marion in 1850. He was raised a poor boy, and worked around promiscuously. During the war he went South to see the boys from this county there, and on returning was arrested as a spy, but after a month's confinement, escaped his guards, and went to Canada. But he was not a spy, only having brought some money and letters through the line for the friends of the boys. Since the war he has lived at Marion and Murphysboro, serving as City Marshal at both places. In 1866, he married Miss Letha McCowan, and is a fine looking man, tall, slim, black hair, whiskers, and dark complexion. He is very pleasant, witty and an agreeable, reliable man. He

is a professional gambler, and makes most of his money in that way; but he is a peaceable, sober, quiet man, and a man whom the people have great confidence in, in emergencies. He took hold of our troubles when it seemed like death to do so; but the people rallied in solid phalanx to his assistance.

All men agree that the man who coolly and deliberately takes the life of his fellow-man is not fit to live; and the Judge or jury who lets such a man go unpunished richly deserves the wrathful condemnation of mankind. Yet, Judge Crawford assumed a responsibility that no Judge in our country ever took before, that of hanging a man who plead guilty. And when judges and juries take the responsibility of trying and punishing criminals like this, the law will become a terror to evil-doers.

The practice of carrying concealed weapons, which grew out of the war, and which led to so much bloodshed, will soon be ended if juries will convict the guilty parties. At the April term, 1876, twenty-two indictments for this offense were found.

Williamson county vindicated herself. She not only furnished the men to suppress crime, but she spent $13,-032.79, besides jail fees. We are now beginning to have bright hopes of the future. Men of property would not come among us as long as the pistol and gun were used to redress wrongs, and men were allowed to go a "gunning" for human scalps. This has ceased in this county, and now if those editors who labored so hard to traduce our character and disgrace our county, will do as much to restore it, soon peace and prosperity will be printed on the mangled tape of our county, and soon that odium that hangs around our name, like clouds around a mountain, will disappear, and Williamson county will stand forth resplendent in the light of a new civilization, conspicuous and honorable, and

take the rank her sons and resources entitled her to.

EXPENSES OF THE VENDETTA.

Expenses exclusive of Bailiffs and dieting prisoners	$ 670.24
Witnesses for foreign counties	1,523.55
Guarding jail	2,991.00
Rewards	4,000.00
Attorney's fees	3,650.00
Hanging Crain	100.00
Coffin and shrouding	38.00
Scaffold	10.00
Clothing for "Big Jep" and "Black Bill"	50.00
Total	$13,032.79

OF POLITICS.

Until 1818, the nearest court was held at Shawneetown, but our people had very little business in it, for, at that date, there were only one hundred and fifty souls in Franklin county. The records were kept at the residence of Moses Garrett, from 1818 to 1826. In 1820, Lemuel R. Harrison, surveyed the town of Frankfort, and in 1826 the court house was built. The first Sheriff of Franklin county was David W. Maxwell, and Samuel T. Russell, of this county, was his deputy, and collected the taxes for 1820 and 1821. Then followed Thomas J. Mansfield and John Crawford. After the division, the Sheriffs of the county have been, John D. Sanders, 1839; John M. Cunningham, 1842-44; Joel Huffstutler, 1846-48; John Goodall, 1850; James Marks, 1852; Joel Huffstutler, 1854; Jacob W. Sanders, 1856; Richard T. McHenry, 1858; R. R. Hendrickson, 1860; Lewis Spencer, 1862; R. M. Allen, 1864; George W. Sisney, 1866; Hardin Goodall, 1868; A. N. Owen, 1870; Z. Hudgens,

1872; N. E. Norris, 1874; Wilson J. Caplinger, 1878.

The Collectors of this county were William Hindman, 1839; William Dillard, 1840; James M. Furlong, 1841; John S. Tutton, 1842; Robert P. Erwin, 1843, after which the office was united with the Sheriff's.

The County Judges were Simon Hubbard, who held office of County and Circuit Clerk, County Judge, Master-in-Chancery, and Recorder of Deeds, followed by W. A. Denning and Samuel K. Casey. After the division, W. H. Eubanks, 1849; David Norman, 1855; I. M. Lewis, Jesse Bishop, J. M. Spain, 1869; and now Bishop again.

The Commissioners have been, Cyrus Campbell, Starling Hill, F. F. Duncan, Joab Goodall, John T. Damron, R. L. Pully, Thomas Scurlock, Thomas D. Davis, John Brown, Jonathan Jimpson, William Hindman, Addison Reece, Bazzell Holland, John H. Manier, M. S. Strike, C. M. Bidwell, R. H. Wise, James B. Roberts.

The first Circuit Court was held by Samuel D. Lockwood, followed by Browne and Hardin. After the division, Walter B. Scates, W. A. Denning, W. K. Parrish, Willis Allen, W. J. Allen, A. D. Duff, and now M. C. Crawford.

The People's Attorneys have been Samuel D. Marshall, and, after the division, W. H. Stickney, Willis Allen, W. A. Denning, S. S. Marshall, F. W. Rawlins, W. K. Parrish, John A. Logan, M. C. Crawford, E. V. Pierce, J. M. Clemison, C. N. Damron, F. M. Youngblood, J. B. Calvert, pro tem., J. D. F. Jennings, and now J. W. Hartwell.

The County Clerks have been John Bainbridge, 1839; John Hicks, 1840; Elijah McIntosh, 1841; Thomas Davis, 1841; A. P. Corder, 1843; John White, 1848; John H. White, 1852; John M. Cunningham, 1861; W. N. Mitchell, 1865; J. W. Samuels, 1869; W. H. Eubanks, 1873. The County Clerks did the probate business until 1849.

Circuit Clerks, John Lowden, 1849; G. W. Goddard,

1856; John M. Cunningham, 1861; J. W. Hartwell, 1868; C. H. Dennison, 1872, and M. S. Strike, 1876.

In an early day taxation was no burden to the people, being only twenty-five cents on the hundred dollars' worth of property. Wolf scalps were as good as county orders. For the purpose of paying a premium of one dollar per scalp for wolves, an assessment of two dollars on each voter was made, but wolf scalps, bear, deer and coon skins could be exchanged for tax receipts.

It is common for us to speak of those early settlers as virtuous, honorable and upright men; but they sometimes committed crimes, and occasionally a man was sent to prison. The law was not enforced then, as at present. The people had an inherent sense of right, which was as efficacious in suppressing crime as the law. Hezekiah Garrett once killed a man in Frankfort with his fist, and was sentenced to the State's prison for one hour. He was a very good man. Most cases were tried by Justices of the Peace, of whom many ridiculous stories are told.

The county being mostly settled by people from Tennessee, in Jackson's time, they were all strong Jackson men, or Democrats; but after the slavery question was settled, in 1818, political excitement did not run high here until the election of James K. Polk, described hereafter.

The manner of voting was by word of mouth, until 1849, when the ballot was adopted.

The militia was well organized, and kept up regular muster until 1845. Company musters were held at David Norman's, John Sniders', Sarahsville, Thos. Hill's, Solon Sanders' and Bainbridge. Batallion drills were held at David Norman's, John Sanders', and Bainbridge. Regimental musters were held yearly at Frankfort, until the division, then at Marion, there being a regiment in this county. James Corder was the first Major from this county; Allen

Bainbridge was the first Colonel; John Davis, Brigadier General; John S. Tutton, last Colonel, and R. P. Erwin last Adjutant. A great crowd of these soldiers got into a difficulty at Bainbridge once, and just as they stripped and walked out to fight, a streak of lightning struck a cottonwood tree, near by, bursting it into splinters, and they all ran off like devils.

In 1832, when the Black Hawk war began, the Governor called for 230 men from Franklin county, and one company commanded by Jeff Stephens, went from Franklin county, and the others from what is now this county. The militia were summoned formed into line ready for draft. They did not like to go so far to fight Indians. But just before the "hat" was passed, an order came to give a chance for volunteers. Enough volunteered to make up the company, and a shout of joy rang out along the line from those who did not want to go, on seeing the company full. Hugh, Samuel, Thomas, Jackson and James Parks, Junior Meredith, Wm. Crain, Wm. Groves and O. H. Wiley, were among the number who went. Obadiah West was elected Captain; Hugh Parks First Lieutenant, and Robert West Second Lieutenant. They went through to Rock river on horseback, and after three months returned home without having done any fighting. Black Hawk was defeated, and soon after died.

The division of Franklin county into the counties of Franklin and Williamson, was authorized by Act of Legislature, approved February the 28th, 1839, providing that the legal voters of Franklin county should meet at their respective places of voting, on the first Monday in August, 1839, and vote for or against a division of the county. The Act further provided that in case a majority of the votes cast were in favor of division, the new county should be called "Williamson," and then proceeded to bound the county.

The election was held, and a majority voted for the division. The Act also provided that an election for county officers should be held on the first Monday in September, 1839, and the returns of said election should be made to Wm. Norris, Starling Hill, and John T. Davis, three Justices, who should meet at Bainbridge, and abstract the returns, and transmit the same to the Secretary of State. This election resulted in the election of Duncan and Hill, as County Commissioners; Campbell was already one by virtue of being one in Franklin county. Sanders was elected Sheriff. The Act also provided for a division of the school funds, and Williamson county got $469.51, as her part. By the same Act, Calvin Bridges, of Union county, Thornsberry C. Anderson of Gallatin, and Jefferson Allen, of Jackson, were appointed to locate and lay out the seat of Justice in this county. They were authorized to require a donation of twenty acres of land, to be made to the county, for this purpose. On the 19th day of August, 1839, the commissioners appeared before Wm. Norris, and took an oath to locate the county seat as near the center of the county as was eligible.

On the 7th day of October, 1839, the County Commissioners met at the residence of Wm. Benson, and cast lots for the different terms of service. Campbell drew the short term, one year; Hill, the intermediate, and Duncan the long term, three years. Their first work was to approve the bond of the Sheriff and County Clerk. On the same day, October 8th, John Davis reported as Justice of the Peace, of having fined Thos. Culbreth $3.00 for an assault and battery on Michael Shanks, which is the first criminal case recorded in the county. Two days afterward, the Court laid the county off into five election precincts, Northern, Saline, Grassy, Fredonia and Marion, which extended through the county north and south; and appointed Judges of Election. They then laid the county out in twelve road districts, cor-

responding to our twelve townships, and appointed Supervisors. Men were also appointed to mark out and locate roads. Henry W. Perry surveyed the town lots. These were ordered to be sold on six, twelve and eighteen months' time by the Sheriff. The sale commenced on the 17th day of November, 1839, and continued for three days, during which time thirty-eight lots were sold, and went very high.

The southeast corner of the square was covered with a heavy growth of hazel brush, and R. M. Hundley, Daniel Stroud and Jesse Sanders were employed to "shrub off" the square.

On the second day of December, 1839, Gabriel Sanders took the contract for building the Clerk's office on the square, for $108. It was finished, and the Court moved into it May the 4th, 1840. The contract for the jail was let to Squire Howell, for $335, on the 8th day of January, 1840. It was a log house, and stood where the jail now stands. When he got it finished the Court docked him $25, for defective work.

Richard Cook was the first prisoner. He had been in Franklin jail from this end of the county on a charge of horse stealing, before the division, and brought here. John G. Sparks was first Jailer, and got thirty-seven and a half cents a day for dieting prisoners.

John Davis was the first man to get license to retail whiskey; but during 1839, two of the County Court began to sell whiskey. A pretty hard record for this county. Campbell kept at Bainbridge, and Hill at his residence, until he moved to Marion, and the "Honorable the Worshipful" Judges fixed the price of whiskey at twenty-five cents a pint, which they afterwards reduced to twenty and a half cents.

On the 3rd day of March, 1840, the Court divided the county into two Assessor's districts. Western, with Sam-

uel T. Russell, Assessor, and Eastern, with George W. Binkley. At the first assessment there were 154 tracts of land, valued at $27,136. Personal property was valued at $139,410. Taxes on land was twenty and on personal property twenty-five cents per hundred dollars' worth. Total taxes for 1839, $749.25; delinquent list, $18.01 1-2; $407.12 of this amount was county funds. The Clerk received two cents a tract for extending the land on the Collector's books, $3.08, and five per cent. on personal property, $69.70.

In 1841, John Paschal built the court-house. It was forty feet square, two stories high, and built of brick, on the Square, at a cost of $3,500. It stood until 1859, when it was removed and a house built of the brick on the Brooks farm.

March 3rd, 1840, the first grand and petit jury were selected by the Court; only three of the first are alive—O. H. Wiley, Hugh Parks, and Thomas Cox; and only two of the last—L. C. Parks and James Shaw. During this year the Court appointed Overseers of the Poor, and up to 1860, when the county bought the poor farm, there were a great many sickly people in the county. Ehud Lamaster took the contract to keep the paupers, at $1.40 per week, per head. There were not one-tenth as many. They did not like to be sick, but the idea of going to the poor house was intolerable. The house cost $147. The keepers have been Lamaster, Roberts, Cash and Doty. One of the paupers, Rebecca Hilderbrand, has been a county charge for twenty-three years and has cost the county $2,392.

In 1840, Warrington K. Spiller transcribed the land records of Franklin county, pertaining to this county, for $46. The county records are now all in a perfect condition; but some of them are badly written and difficult to read. The first Circuit Court was begun May 4, 1840, by Walter B. Scates, in the little clerk's office on the Square. This

court was conducted very loosely. A Justice's court had simply authority, without dignity, in those days.

While Starling Hill was County Commissioner, he was also ex-officio a Justice of the Peace, and kept a grocery in Marion. He could be seen sitting at his window, selling whiskey to a fighting rabble on the outside, while a case was being tried on the inside by a jury, and the jury, lawyers, witnesses and everybody else half drunk, talking about horse races, etc., so mixed up that nobdy could tell the jury from the rabble; but when the verdict came, it was about right. This was not the case in Hill's court alone, but it was the general custom.

Under the law of 1819, the Court had power to fix the fare at hotels, and they fixed the price of a meal at 12 cents, of horse-feed at 12 cents, and of lodging at 6 1-4 cents.

Allen Bainbridge put up the "Western Exchange," the first regular hotel in the town. It was a brick building, fifty feet long, and two stories high, situated on the north side of the Square, on which he paid out 37 1-2 cents in cash, the rest being paid in goods. In 1844, there were four Abolitionists in the county, and three hundred Whigs. Political excitement ran very high. Some of the Democrats had the horns of their oxen painted with polk berries, and one teacher brought his whole school into town, with his scholars painted. The Whigs would drag the polk stalk in the dust behind their wagons, and the result was many fights. I tell this to show that thirty years progress has made us no better. The Cutrells, Russells, Roberts, Ryburns and McDonalds were Whigs. The first liberty-pole raised in the county, was raised in 1848, by the Whigs.

When the call for troops was made to fight Mexico, this county responded promptly. In 1846, A. P. Corder and E. A. Phillips took a few men from this county and entered

the service at Calendonia, Illinois. They joined Capt. H. L. Webb's company, in the 2nd regiment of the first call of Illinois Volunteers. On the battle-field of Beuna Vista, Corder was promoted to the rank of a captain, from a private for his reckless bravery. In 1847, John M. Cunningham made up a company of one hundred and twenty-five men, and left Marion, May the 24th, for Alton. On arriving there, Jackson Damron took forty of the men and joined company "E," from St. Clair county. Cunningham's company was Company "B," of the first regiment of the second call, or 5th Illinois regiment. B. F. Furlong was First Lieutenant, R. M. Hundley was Second Lienutenant, and D. L. Pully was Third Lieutenant, W. H. Eubanks, Orderly Sergeant; Wm. Sykes, Chief Musician; Harvey Russell, Colorbearer; E. W. B. Nubia (a very bad man), was Colonel, and —— Boykin (a very good man), Lieutenant-Colonel. They left Alton June 17th, 1847; left Leavenworth, July 7th, and marched through to Santa Fe on foot, where they arrived December 12. They retured home October, 1848, and were received with public dinner in the Court House.

Capt. James Hampton raised another squad in this county, and joined John A. Logan from Jackson, and one Provo, from Union, and made another company. Thomas I. McKinney, now General McKinney, was a private in Cunningham's company. A soldier, in 1848, in this county, was a curiosity, and the people came from all quarters to see the troops, as they returned home.

In 1852, J. M. Campbell was appointed Drainage Commissioner, to sell the swamp lands in the county, but he soon resigned, and James D. Pully was appointed in his place. In 1863, Mr. Pully made his full report, having sold all the swamp lands of the county, amounting to over 23,000 acres. These lands were sold in 1st, 2nd and 3rd classes, for 75,

50 and 25 cents per acre, and the proceeds went to the school fund.

During the campaign of 1856, the Democrats were very noisy, and the Republicans were silent. Griffin Garland made the first Republican speech in the county, during this campaign, and Col. Ben L. Wiley, Republican candidate for Congress, received forty-four votes in the county. The campaign of 1856 was attended by many rough-and-tumble fights, and whiskey was issued out by the bucket full. Men were generally allowed to vote as they pleased, but abolitionists were looked upon with contempt.

On the 19th day of March, 1858, R. M. Hundley took the contract of building a new court-house for $9,500, $7,-700 in county orders, and $1,800 out of the swamp land fund. He gave bond in the sum of $19,000 to have it completed by the 15th day of November 1858, which he did. He then got $245 for painting it, and N. B. Colvert $305 for furnishing the court room. It was burned down May 30, 1875. All the houses on the block on which it stood were also burned, the loss being about $25,000. This was the only fire that ever occurred in Marion of any consequence.

The old court-house was a plain, brick building, without any parapets, turrets or ramparts. Many have been the scenes of revelry and romance within its courts. Its walls have resounded with the commotion of war-like preparations, and the still, poisonous breath of treason has been whispered in its precincts. Again, it has been the scene of festive occasions, where our native belles vied with each other in a perfect oreola of beauty. Lot No. 2 of block No. 5 of the original survey, on which this house stood, was sold by the county June 19, 1875, for $1,775. The court then rented a room from Goodall and Campbell, for $500 a year, to hold court in. At the November election of that year, a proposition was submitted to the voters for raising,

by special taxation, a sum sufficient in five years to build a court-house; but the majority was against it.

The first politician that figured in our county was Thomas Roberts, of Northern. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1818. Willis Allen and Allen Bainbridge were both elected in 1838, to the Legislature on the question of a division of the county. Soon after the division, Allen moved to Marion, and bought three acres of land from Benson. It had a log cabin on it, in which he lived for some time. He was a man of considerable talent, great shrewdness and unbounded energy. He lived respected by all, and idolized by his party. He went to Congress in 1852, again in 1854, served several terms in the Legislature, and died in 1859, while holding court, as circuit judge, in Saline county. Allen was a spare built man, erect, graceful, and of uncommon strength, agility and endurance. His voice was soft and melodious, countenance rudy and fair, his hair was russet brown, a soft grayish blue eye, lighted by a fascinating smile. He was frank, generous and confiding to a fault, and was more interested in doing a kindness to others, than serving himself. When he was enraged his glance was withering. He was the father of the Honorable W. J. Allen, and was the most powerful politician in Southern Illinois in his day.

In 1848, John T. Lowden was a member of the Constitutional Convention from this county. He was a Whig, but a man of prominence and merit. The Ingersolls came to this county about 1853, and in 1854 Robert J. and Clark, and W. J. Allen were all admitted to the bar. They were considered a very intellectual family; but, being Abolitionists, and the boys being deists, rendered them obnoxious to our people in that respect. Robert and J. H. Manier, on one occasion, got the keys to the printing office, and one night went in and printed a long poem, which Robert had

written, on the citizens of the town, and left a copy at each man's door. The poem was abusive, and created a considable stir, but the author could never be found. Robert once got mad at Josh. Allen for something, and used to say on the streets, "I will overshadow Josh. Allen yet." They left here in 1856, and settled at Peoria, and Robert J. Ingersoll is now one of the most renowned orators of ancient or modern times.

Anderson P. Corder was known in Franklin county as a school teacher. He came to Marion in 1840, and commenced the practice of law. He figured in our politics until 1874, and was the most singular politician ever in the county. Sometimes he would rise in public estimation until he could have been elected to any office; then, again, sink beneath public contempt. He was in the State Senate one term, and held the position of Master-in-Chancery. He was not a profound thinker, but a witty, fluent speaker. From 1840 to 1850, he held almost despotic political influence. No man thought of running for office without his consent; but in later years he lived a hard, intemperate life, and not only lost his influence, but lost that respect which ought to attend a man of gray hairs. There are many incidents in the life of this man that would be interesting to our people, had I room to give them. During the war he was an outspoken sympathizer, but when invasion threatened this State, he drew his sword for defense.

Hon. W. J. Allen was raised in this county, was in Congress several terms, and in the Legislature. He moved to Cairo in 1865, and now resides in Carbondale. For the last twenty-two years he has been intimately connected with our politics, and appears conspicuous and interesting at every point. He was for a long time a law partner of Senator John A. Logan, when he (Logan) lived in this county. The character of these men are not local, and therefore not a

part of my subject, only where they have operated in our local politics. They are both men whose profound and universal genius it is impossible to contemplate without respect. And, however much we differ from either of them politically, we are bound to admit that they are great men —the honor and pride of our county. Our children will be proud that such men ever lived in the county.

Capt. John M. Cunningham, the father-in-law of John A. Logan, was a politician of good ability; one of the most affable and polished men of his day. He held several county offices, and, like Corder, was a Democrat, and during the war, very bitter. In 1869 he received the appointment of Provost Marshal in Utah Territory, where he died in 1874, and was brought to Marion by Mrs. Mary Logan.

James D. Pully was a leader in the Democratic party during the war, and a man of fine personal appearance, and a high order of intelligence. He served two terms in the Legislature, and was Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth Regiment of Illinois Volunteers. His outspoken manner of defending his principles was the cause of some personal feelings between him and Republicans. He died January 2nd, 1866, in the full vigor of manhood.

Colonel Robert M. Hundley came into this county in 1838, a penniless boy, and is now one of our wealthiest citizens. He is a man of talent and great shrewdness. During the war he was an ardent Democrat, wielded a powerful influence. He was Colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-Eight Illinois Volunteers, and in 1868 came out as a Republican candidate for State Senator, but was defeated. Since then he has held the balance of power between the two parties in this county, and generally uses it on the side of the Democracy. He is a very outspoken, fluent talker, but does his political work sub rosa, so that the effect can be seen like the bursting up of waters from an undercur-

rent. He still lives in this county, as a target for the deliberate and persistent defamation of his opponents, and the spontaneous praise of his admirers.

George W. Goddard is a lawyer and politician of the old stripe and fashion—too honest for modern politics. He is a War Democrat, and was Captain of Company C, Thirty-First Regiment Illinois Volunteers. In the army he was a brave and respected soldier. He has been Circuit Clerk, and is now Mayor of Marion, and is one of those men "in whom the elements are so happily united that Nature can stand up and say to all the world, this is a man."

Hon. A. C. Nelson came to this county over twenty-five years ago, penniless. As a partisan, he is a Democrat, and is a man of good talent, and very eloquent. He served one term in the Legislature, and won for himself the title of "Egyptian orator." Mr. Nelson has served his party well, and now lives on his farm, a model of all that is honorable in principle, virtuous in nature, and praiseworthy in action. He is a minister who practices what he preaches, and will live in our history in an immortality of respect.

James M. Washburn commenced the practice of law in this county fifteen years ago, and since has been a Democratic politician of considerable prominence. During the war he was very bitter at times, and has been elected to the State Senate, and also to the Lower House, in 1876, and as a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1869. He is a man that all parties admit is honest and upright in his daily work, and is now the leader of his party.

Jesse Bishop, a leading Republican, came into this county during the war, and has since held a high place in our politics. He several times fared roughly at the hands of Democrats, but managed to carry a good many of them with him when he was elected County Judge.

William W. Clemens, a leading Democrat, is a man of

excellent talent, and, though a man of delicate constitution, has great tenacity of life, and physical endurance. He walked into this county in 1862; a poor boy, without money, and commenced the study of law, and has since worked his way up to the highest room in the public estimation. He possesses a boyant and happy temperament, lives a pure life, fond of home and the society of his friends. He cares but little for the bitter invectives of crafty demagogues. What he is and what he has, are the legitimate results of persistent labor, backed by economy and good sense. His solid legal attainments have won for him the respect, and placed him in the foremost rank, of the bar in Southern Illinois.

John H. Mulkey commenced the practice of law in this county in 1856, and soon removed to Cairo, where he is today acknowledged to be the most profound and classic lawyer in all of Egypt.

George W. Young, a lawyer and leading Republican, was raised in this county. His early life was rendered unpleasant by poverty and frequent hardships. He enlisted in the army when a mere boy, and rose to the rank of lieutenant. He belonged to that class of men who would "rather be right than President," and his unobsequious, self-directed attachment to what he believes to be honest and right, makes him appear abrupt and independent; thereby rendering him unpopular with those who do not share his opinions; but as a citizen and officer his conduct is emblazoned by the highest morability and integrity.

Jerome B. Calvert, a leading lawyer and Democrat, is a man whose life has been marked by the highest integrity, but, owing to his indisposition to ingratiate himself into popular favor, by simulating graces and deceptive smiles, he has not reached the prominence in his party that his ability and honesty entitle him to.

Some of the men whom I have described were the poli-

ticians in the great campaign of 1860. Nobody in this county ever dreamed that Abraham Lincoln would be elected President; and though there were less than one hundred Republicans in the county, yet the excitement ran higher than usual. When Lincoln was elected, many of our people felt it their duty to stand by him. John A. Logan openly declared that he would shoulder his gun to have him inaugurated. The people commenced to change over to the Republican party before Lincoln took his seat. They first declared for the Union, then endorsed General Scott, and finally Abraham Lincoln. But among the old-liners a strong sympathy for the South was felt. By the first of April, 1861, the parties were nearly equally divided, and excitement was running very high. Our leading men were in trouble, and some were noisy and clamorous for Southern Rights. In a few days after the inauguration, Peter Keifer made a speech in the Court House, in which he said, "Our Country Must Be Saved;" but it was understood that "our country" meant the South, by the motion of his hand. Sympathy of "our Southern brethren" became stronger and stronger every day. Propositions for organizing the people into companies and regiments were made. Secession was openly talked of until the 9th day of April, 1861, when it began to take shape. It was just after the fall of Fort Sumpter; a party of ten or fifteen men got together in a saloon in Marion, and agreed to call a public meeting to pass ordinances of secession. They appointed a committee on resolutions, who were to report at the public meeting. The call was made for a meeting to be held in the Court House, on Monday, April 15th, 1861, to provide for the "public safety." A large crowd came in, and the meeting was called to order, and James D. Manier elected President. He then appointed G. W. Goddard, James M. Washburn, Henry C. Hooper, John M. Cunningham, and Wm. R. Scur-

lock, a committee to draft resolutions of secession. The saloon committee had the resolutions already prepared, and they were reported and passed with but one dissenting voice, and that was A. T. Benson, and were as follows:

Resolved, That we, the citizens of Williamson county, firmly believing, from the distracted condition of our country, the same being brought about by the elevation to power of a strictly sectional party, the coercive policy of which toward the seceded States will drive all the border Slave States from the Federal Union, and cause them to join the Southern Confederacy.

Resolved, That, in that event, the interest of the citizens of Southern Illinois imperatively demands at their hands a division of the State. We hereby pledge ourselves to use all means in our power to effect the same, and attach ourselves to the Southern Confederacy.

Resolved, That, in our opinion, it is the duty of the present administration to withdraw all the troops of the Federal Government that may be stationed in Southern forts, and acknowledge the independence of the Southern Confederacy, believing that such a course would be calculated to restore peace and harmony to our distracted country.

Resolved, That in view of the fact that it is probable that the present Governor of the State of Illinois will call upon the citizens of the same to take up arms for the purpose of subjugating the people of the South, we hereby enter our protest against such a course, and, as loyal citizens, will refuse, frown down and forever oppose the same.

These resolutions were written by Henry C. Hooper. The Republicans of this county used to accuse the Hon. W. J. Allen of drafting them, on account of the peculiar phraseology; but in this they were wrong. The news of this meeting spread rapidly, and by the next morning it had reached Carbondale, and had been telegraphed to Gen. Prentiss, at

Cairo. The people of Carbondale, seeing the trouble our people were bringing on themselves, sent J. M. Campbell up to Marion on the 16th of April, to tell the people to revoke the resolutions. He said they must be repealed, or war would be brought on our soil and at our own doors. The people were excited badly. A meeting was called to repeal the resolutions, and to meet instanter, but not by the same men who were in the meeting of the 15th. W. J. Allen was called in to address the meeting, which he did at some length. He said he was for repealing the resolutions, and that others could do as they pleased, but as for him and his house, they would stand still and seek the salvation of the Lord.

The resolutions were repealed, and A. T. Benson appointed a committee of one to convey a copy of the proceeding to Gen. Prentiss. When he arrived at Cairo he found Gen. Prentiss reading the resolutions. He gave him a copy of the proceedings of the meeting of the 16th, and Prentiss said, "I am glad to see them. The resolutions of secession would have caused your folks trouble; but I hope all will be right."

John A. Logan was not in the county when these meetings were held, and had not been for several days. This is a fact well known in this county. But it was charged against Gen. Logan in 1866, that he was present at, and aided in, the meeting of the 15th, and endorsed the resolutions. This charge was made by some unprincipled man outside of Williamson county. No such charge was ever made in this county, neither by Democrats nor Republicans; but, on the contrary, when the charge was made against Gen. Logan, nine of his political enemies, all prominent men, who were conspicuous at that meeting, volunteered their testimony against the truth of the charge; and one of them was James D. Manier, the President. The Democrats of this county

knew that the charge against him was false, and they went to his rescue, and published to the world the evidence of its falsity. These men did not want to break Gen. Logan down by withholding truth or circulating falsehoods on him. It would not be an exhibition of merit in them, or honorable action. Those men who held the meeting of the 15th, contended that the meeting of the 16th had no right to repeal the resolutions, and that they were not repealed, and that the people must organize. So, a meeting was called to meet on the 27th of April, pursuant to the one of the 15th. The meeting was called to order, and a motion made to "seize the money in the hands of the Sheriff to defray the expenses of arming and equiping soldiers for the Southern Army." The fever for organizing into military companies had cooled off, so that this motion was lost, and the meeting broke up in a row. John A. Logan, who had come home, told the participants in these meetings that "the resolutions were treason, and they would all be hung," and they got scared and sent men out in the county to tear down the "Notices to Organize," which had been stuck up. But excitement continued to increase, and party feeling to deepen, and leading Democrats began to look upon Logan with suspicion, and accuse him of being a "turn-coat." In defense of himself he said that he would suffer his tongue to cleave to the roof of his mouth, and his right arm to wither and fall palsied by his side, before he would take up arms against his Southern brethren, unless it was to sustain the Government; and that if the war was prosecuted solely for the purpose of freeing negroes, he would not ground his arms, but would turn and shoot them North. Logan at this time was against the Abolitionists, but this opposition was lost in his terrible opposition to treason and traitors.

Gen. Prentiss had dropped off a company of men at Big Muddy bridge as he was going to Cairo; this was intol-

erable to our people; the whole country was in a flame. Thorndike Brooks and Harvey Hays raised the whoop in Marion; runners were sent out all over the county to tell the people to come into town next morning with their guns. Next morning a great many people came into town with guns, anxious to know what was wanted with them, when they were told that "the men at the bridge must be whipped away." Most of them turned and went home. Some objected, and said they had no guns, and that the soldiers had good guns, but some few went on to Carbondale, and others tried to get them not to go. At Carbondale, they found a noisy crowd assembled for the same purpose. Soon after they met they sent Isaiah Harris up to the bridge, which was four miles north of Carbondale, to spy around. When he got in sight of the soldiers he saw a cannon, and returned and told them that they could not whip the soldiers. News of these proceedings having reached Gen. Prentiss at Cairo, an hour before, he sent up another company, with more cannon. The train stopped at Carbondale, when the crowd was at its highest and most clamorous condition. After staying there awhile, she pulled on up to the bridge. At this crisis, Gov. Dougherty, W. Hecker, of Cairo and Gen. I. N. Hannie made speeches to the people, and told them to stand by the Union. Gov. Dougherty said, "that the speeches and guns persuaded the people not to attack the bridge." The people of Marion were standing listening for a bloody battle, but they were disappointed. A few straggling crowds came back from Carbondale, cursing and frothing like wild men. Wm. Crain swore he could have taken his boys and cleaned out the soldiers, and Brooks and Wheeler called the people cowards and slaves.

In two or three days after the Muddy bridge raid, which was about the 30th of April, John A. Logan, George W. Goddard, John H. White and John M. Cunningham,

neither of whom was in the raid, met in secret caucus in White's office, and they solemnly pledged each other their honor that they would stand by the Union. They agreed that Logan should go to Congress, and after he returned home they would raise a regiment of Union soldiers, of which he was to be Colonel, John H. White, Lieutenant Colonel, and Goddard was to be Captain; White and the County Clerk, were both to appoint Cunningham deputy to run the offices, and he was to be for the Union. This agreement was faithfully carried out by all parties concerned; but Cunningham continued to sympathize strongly with the South.

In a few days after the meeting, some one reported having seen eighteen soldiers in the tall grass near town. They raised a general uproar. Nobody knew what to do to save the town. Finally John H. White told the people that there was but one salvation, and that was to hoist the flag. In a few minutes the Star-Spangled Banner was seen waving against the sky. After Stephen A. Douglas made his Union speech, his liberty pole was cut to the ground in Marion, with some ceremony; and this was the first time a flag had been displayed. As soon as the excitement subsided, the flag was taken down. There never was but one rebel flag displayed publicly in this county, and that was about the first of June, 1861, at one of Charley Goodall's barbecues, four miles east of Marion.

On the 24th day of May, 1861, Colonel Brooks and Harvey Hays, despairing of raising an army here, or organizing the county, formed the design of raising a company and going South. They sent a man to Carbondale to recruit, and they commenced at home. By the next evening they had about thirty names on their list, and had given orders for them to rendezvous at the "Delaware Crossing," on the Saline, six miles south of Marion. They all got to the place

about two hours by sun, on the 25th of May, 1861, and the few that came from Carbondale swelled the number to thirty-five men, mostly under the age of twenty-three years. They started on to Paducah on foot, and walked all night; and next day in the afternoon Robert Kelly went on to Linn's Hotel to have supper prepared for the boys. The number had now increased to about forty men. Their feet became sore, and all of them lagged behind but six, who went on to get supper, where they were surrounded by 135 home-guards and taken prisoners. A friend to the boys got on his horse, knowing that they were coming into the same trap, and went up the road to let them know. The home-guards left a guard with the six boys and came on up the road to meet the others from Marion, but when they came to the forks of the road, north of Linn's Hotel, supposing the boys had taken the one leading to Brooklyn, started down to the river. The boys went on until they came to the forks of the road, and seeing by the tracks, that the guards had gone the left hand, they went on rapidly to Linn's hotel, where they re-captured their six companions, and went on to the river opposite Paducah. Here Kelly had prepared a ferry-boat for them, but it had laid there twenty-four hours, and the boilers had cooled off. They were in a critical condition; but just then saw a steamboat, the "Old Kentucky," rounding up to Paducah out of the mouth of the Tennessee, and pretty soon they saw her heading across the Ohio. They boarded her, and crossed the river. They went to Mayfield, Kentucky, and joined Company "G," One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers, and were in General Cheatham's command.

At the close of the war, about half of them returned home. Brooks got to be a Lieutenant-Colonel and is now a wealthy merchant in Baltimore, Maryland. It has been repeatedly charged on John A. Logan, that he assisted in rais-

ing the Company of men to go South. This is not true. He was not in the county at the time, and neither he, nor W. J. Allen had anything to do with their going South. They were neither of them consulted, or gave any encouragement to the enterprise. In fact, no leading man in the county knew anything about it until they were gone.

In 1866, a man by the name of John Wheatley filed an affidavit in Cairo, in which he said that he was personally advised to join this company by John A. Logan, and that he left Williamson county with the company, and that John A. Logan went with them as far as Paducah, and left them, promising to return to them. And that the next time he saw Logan was at Belmont, where he chased him so closely that Logan dismounted, and he got his horse. This man Wheatley simply swore falsely. He was not a citizen of this county, and never has been, and he is unknown to our people. There is not a soldier of that company in this county but will state that Wheatley swore falsely in every respect concerning Logan.

W. M. Davis, one of the soldiers in this company, and one who was badly wounded at Shiloh, also filed an affidavit that he joined this company under the (advice) influence of John A. Logan. Mr. Davis has been a citizen of this county for twenty-one years, and is now the City Marshal of the city of Marion. When he made this affidavit he lived in Equality, Illinois. He says he did not think of going into the Confederate Army until a few days before he started. Logan was not here at that time, and of course could not advise him to go. William M. Davis is thirty-five years old and a very sober, honest, and respectable, and in every way an exemplary and trustworthy citizen. He is now at this moment sitting by my side and dictating to me what to write, and every word concerning his affidavit in this book is written by his consent and dictation. He says

that they got his affidavit wrong, in this, that they put into it the word "advice." He says that he did not swear nor mean that John A. Logan ever advised him, or any other man, to go into the Southern Army, and he says that Logan never did speak to him on that subject in his life, or to any other man in his presence or hearing. He says that what he meant was this, that Logan being a man of great influence in this county, and he believed that his sympathy was with the South, and in this way Logan influenced him to go South. Or, in other words, he believed so strongly at that time that Logan's sympathy was with the South that the supposed political position thus attributed to him by this belief, caused Logan's influence to effect him in such a manner that in going South to fight, he felt that he had, as a warrant to back his actions, the connivance and friendship of Logan, and that this is all he knows about Logan's disloyalty. Mr. Davis says that Wheatley got with the company at Mayfield, Kentucky, and was not from this county, and that he swore falsely in every particular concerning Logan. He is a strong Democrat, but a man of discretion and firmness, and stands up for what he believes to be right in principle and conduct.

Col. Brooks wrote a letter to Gen. Logan in which he said that Logan had nothing to do with the recruiting or sending off of any of his men. Hibert B. Cunningham, afterward captain of the company, A. H. Morgan, W. R. Tinker and Joshua Lowe, all soldiers in that company in 1866, certified that Logan had nothing to do directly or indirectly with any of the men going South. Also John M. Cunningham, R. J. Pully, G. C. Campbell, George W. Lowe, B. F. Lowe, William Cook and D. L. Pully, all at that time prominent citizens of Marion, certified that they were cognizant of all the circumstances attending the recruiting and sending of the soldiers south to join the Confederate Army, and

that Logan had nothing to do with it, or had any knowledge of it.

James D. Pully and M. C. Campbell went to Paducah the day before the soldiers left here, and it was charged that they were on the "Old Kentucky" when she crossed the Ohio. This charge got circulated, and when Col. Pully, near a month afterwards, started to Springfield as a grand juror, he was arrested at Carbondale on this charge and taken to Springfield. Capt. A. P. Corder, who then lived at Carbondale, became alarmed, and came up to Marion, where he arrived late in the afternoon. He told the people about Pully's arrest and insinuated that a company was coming up from Muddy Bridge that night after Logan and Allen. This produced the greatest excitement; the people trembled at the dreadful crisis; they commenced getting drunk, and by a half hour by sun there were enough drunks to make a considerable crowd. Logan took command, and ordered them to report on the square at dark.

About thirty-five reported, and when inquiries were made about "Josh," (Hon. W. J. Allen,) Logan said, "I guess he is at home under the bed. Go and bring him out. . . ." Josh came out, and they took up their line of march to the old Fair Grounds, a half mile west of town, taking jugs and bottles, in place of powder and guns. When they arrived there, Logan gave Capt. G. W. Goddard his pistol (the only firearm in the crowd,) and detailed him to stand guard at the mile tree, and report the approach of the enemy. He was to fire and fall back by the best route, firing all the while. About ten o'clock their whiskey gave out, and the main body had to fall back to town for supplies. After replenishing their depleted quarter-master, they struck up a line of march for the Goodall bridge, one and a half miles southeast of Marion, a locality conspicuous at that time for other reasons.

About eleven o'clock the citizens in town sent John H. White to Carbondale for a "compromise." About the same hour, J. M. Campbell and J. M. Prickett started from Carbondale to come to Marion, to let the people know that there was no danger. They met on the road, but not recognizing each other, did not speak. Campbell and Prickett ran into the picket line about twelve o'clock, and were halted and arrested by Goddard, who, when he saw who it was, started on to town with them. Just before this, the idea got into the heads of the men that they had not relieved Goddard. So, R. M. Allen was detailed as a courier—on account of the acuteness of his hearing—to go and call in the pickets. He was on horseback, going on the jump, when he saw Goddard and his friends in the road. Thinking that it was the enemy, he went back to the bridge under the lash, and reported the enemy nearby. A scene of wildest consternation prevailed. By this time they had got two old shot-guns. Logan made a desperate effort to rally his men. Josh commanded one wing, and rallied two. All that were sober enough fell into line, and the rest would have done so if they could. It commenced raining about dark that night, and rained all night a steady rain. Logan formed his line, composed of about sixty men, and Josh formed his parallel, composed of about sixty men, armed with clubs. The rest of the men were lying around by logs and stumps, unable to muster. Logan told Josh not to form his men parellel to his, as they would shoot into each other that way, but Josh insisted that his line was formed right. A dispute came up, and ended in a regular pow-wow, and almost a great battle. Josh withdrew his forces and struck camp across the creek; but no enemy came. The storm-cloud was piling its temples of blackness over the dark hill. The pelting of the rain kept step with the music of the rippling stream in the glen below. The men were lying around, fast asleep, covered

with mud, on beds of water. In this condition they were found by R. J. Pully, who was sent down by Goddard to let them know that no enemy was coming. Josh and his command left the field and went home. Logan retreated in good order to Marion with his squad. The rear was brought up next morning by Clemison, who went to old Negro Sam's and got breakfast. Thus was this splendid army cut to pieces and routed without the loss of a single man. Next day, others heard this tale of luxury, decided to have another meeting that night, which they did. About one hundred of them met on the creek, south of town, but there were too many smart men in the crowd, and they broke up in a row.

In a few days Logan went to Benton, and the county was again thrown into excitement by John A. McClernand sending a dispatch to John M. Cunningham, asking assistance in raising a brigade of soldiers. This was the first time that our folks knew that they would be called upon for troops. Cunningham consulted with his friends, and decided not to assist.

The first troops that were ever in this county were those of Col. Hobb's Third Illinois regiment of cavalry. They passed through the county from Bloomington, on their way to Paducah. They were a fine-looking set of men, and conducted themselves very gentlemanly. They camped at the Delaware Crossing. Gen. Logan was called to meet at Congress on the 4th of July, 1861, and after the great battle of Bull's Run, in which he took part, returned home in the latter part of August, and on the 3rd day of September, made his first speech in this county in raising his regiment; and on the 13th day of September the Thirty-first Illinois Volunteers was organized. Men kept going from this county into the regiment, and party feeling kept getting stronger, until a few words was sufficient to create disturbances. Republicans were very coolly received here in the latter part

of 1861. P. H. Lang, the postmaster of Marion, and a Republican, was threatened, and he had to move the post-office to Bainbridge, where he kept it about six weeks. This was so inconvenient to the people of Marion that they offered protection to Lang if he would bring the office back. He did so, and the promise was always faithfully kept.

Political poison permeated nearly every mind and place. It got into the Church, and even raised its head in the sacred Temple of Justice.

At the June term of our Circuit Court, 1862, out of forty-seven jurors, only two were Republicans, and about the proportion in 1863-4. And when the Republicans carried the county, in 1865, this feeling was carried as far on the other side. Again, in 1869, when the Democrats carried the county, this feeling had not entirely died out, although all honest men had long been disgusted with it, and ashamed of it. Since 1870, no lawyer asks what a juror's politics are.

On or about the 14th day of August, 1862, A. D. Duff, W. J. Allen, A. P. Corder, John Clemison and A. C. Nelson were all arrested by United States officers, and taken to Cairo, where they were kept about three weeks and then taken to Washington, and kept in the Old Capitol prison for nearly three months, and then turned loose without trial. These parties were charged with making rebel speeches; with belonging to the Knights of the Golden Circle, and stirring up sedition and treason. They claimed that they had committed no overt act against the Government, or any other crime, and that while they thought the Knights of the Golden Circle was a good and loyal society, they did not belong to it. They denied making rebel speeches, but insisted that they were for peace. They were arrested on affidavits filed in the Provost Marshal's offices, in Cairo, charging them with these offenses, and the writ of habeas

corpus being suspended by the President, of course they could not get a trial, although they repeatedly demanded one. After their release, Judge Duff published on the 15th day of December, 1862, an address to the people of South Illinois, "Relative to his arrest by the Abolition Despotism." It was a caustic and scathing letter. A regular diabolical slayer of marshals, detectives, police, etc. He claimed that they were arrested in order that the Republicans could carry the fall election. Their arrests had but little effect on the county. The people grew more turbulent, and personal difficulties became more frequent. At this time the Golden Circle was in the most flourishing condition. The design was formed in this Order of raising a regiment for the Union Army, for the purpose of repelling the imputation of disloyalty laid on some of its members.

R. M. Hundley and James D. Pully went to work, in August and September 1862, and raised the One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth Regiment Illinois Volunteers. There were some doubts whether the Governor would receive the regiment or not, and I. M. Lewis and G. L. Owen, Republicans, and A. T. Benson, Democrat, were sent to Springfield. At Du Quoin, they fell in with Dr. Burges, who went with them. He talked principally with Owen, and Benson became suspicious that Owen was not in good faith. Burges told Benson that the proposed officers for that regiment ought to be hung, and he ought to be arrested, and he did not know but what it would be done. Benson got scared at this, and wanted Lewis to return. Lewis said he was in good faith, and intended to go on. At Springfield, Lewis and Benson went to Harmon G. Reynolds, secretary of the Grand Lodge of Masons, and got a recommendation from him to the Governor. It was three days before they could get an audience with him. When they did get a hearing, Owen wanted Burges to do the talking, but Benson passed

up his recommendations, and Yates asked him what they wanted. Benson stated the object of their visit, and their request was granted, and they dismissed. Benson said, "They were treated kindly by the finest-looking man on earth." After the regiment was raised, they went into quarters for a few days at the Fair Grounds; from here they went to Springfield, where they organized, with R. M. Hundley as Colonel, and James D. Pully as Lieutenant-Colonel. They remained there about a month before they drew clothing, and it was very cold, and they half naked. The Republican press abused them without mercy, and the officers were looked upon with suspicion and contempt, and given no chance to exhibit their loyalty. They were called the "Whang Doodle Regiment." The men became dissatisfied, and soon began to desert; but after they drew clothes, half of them were furloughed home. The remainder escorted General McClelland to Cairo. Those who had been furloughed home never reported back. A few of the remaining privates were transferred to other regiments, and the others discharged. While at Cairo George Aikin, the Quartermaster of this regiment, went over to Jeff. Thompson's army, and proposed to assist them in capturing Cairo. He agreed that this regiment should all understand it, and not fire on them. He made two trips for this purpose, and had a gentleman with him one time. The last trip, a lieutenant from Thompson's army came with him to view the situation. The intention was for Aikin and his confederate to post all the soldiers, and for Thompson to send soldiers over and capture the city. Aikin commenced his insidious work of informing the boys of his plot. About the first man he told it to was Dr. J. Clemison. Clemison went immediately and told Colonel Hundley all about the infamous plot, and Hundley indignantly vetoed the whole thing. This regiment was composed of as good material as any in the ser-

vice, but they were badly treated. The Chaplain said: "That there were men in this regiment that would have turned their guns against the Government I have no doubt, but the majority of them would have made as good soldiers as lived, under favorable circumstances."

In the spring of 1863, one company of the Thirty-Fifth Iowa were stationed here for a short time. They were paroled prisoners off military duty, said to be, and were here to assist the enrollment officer, but the county was not enrolled.

In July and August, 1863, Major Biers, with the third battalion of the Sixteenth Illinois Cavalry, was camped in the old Fair Ground. He was sent here to arrest deserters, suppress sedition, and enroll the county. He put the town under martial law, with Capt. Wilcot as Provost-Marshal, who stationed guards on all the principal streets. They required some persons to take the oath before leaving town. W. J. Allen was asked to take the oath of allegiance, or remain in town inside the lines. He remained in town, and part of the time with a guard around his residence. He said he had taken the oath in Congress and was willing to do so again, but that to be forced to would be construed in the light that he was acting so as to make it necessary. The Republicans charged that he refused to swear allegiance to his country because he was for the South. Col. Hundley refused to take the oath for a while, but he lived outside of the lines, and was forced to as a matter of convenience.

The Provost-Marshal issued an order that no man should sell whiskey to the soldiers. One day one of them got drunk, and a man by the name of McDaniel was caught running the guard line with a jug. When captured, he said he got the whiskey at Lowe's saloon. Wilcot ordered all Lowe's whiskey to be thrown into the streets, and several barrels of that popular article were wasted. At the Aug-

ust Term, 1863, of the Circuit Court, George Aikin, then foreman of the Grand Jury, swore before that body that Biers and some of his men came to his house in the daytime, took him out and whipped him, and then tied his hands behind him to a long pole, and then left him in a grove of thick saplings. Upon this evidence, Biers was indicted, and a bench warrant issued for his arrest, and placed in the hands of Sheriff Spencer, who executed it by his deputy, Alex. Manier, without any resistance. But Biers' men soon heard of his arrest, and they formed on the Square, and told the Sheriff that he must release Biers. Spencer said he could not do that, as he had a warrant, but that he could not fight a regiment. Biers then walked out. The soldiers had just started to leave the county, when the Grand Jury adjourned. Biers arrested Aikin, who, when he started off, halloed out to the people, "Now you see where your liberty has gone to." They took him to Springfield, where he remained about a month, then came home and got a good start, and ran away. He was a very mean man. I have elsewhere spoken of the "Aikin gang," of which he was the leader. Aikin might have got whipped but that United States soldiers did it is preposterous. While Wilcot was in town he made an order that no man but a soldier should wear brass buttons on their clothes. This was a tag at the soldiers of the One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth, who were still wearing their uniforms. They cut the buttons off some of their coats. A good many soldiers from this county went into the Ninth, Sixtieth, one Hundred and Tenth Illinois Infantry, and a company was raised to guard Muddy Bridge, which served three months in 1862; and in 1863 a company of hundred days' men were raised in this county.

From first to last, this county furnished about two thousand soldiers, a larger per cent than any other county

in the state.

A majority of our people were true to the Government, true to her traditions, and taught the world that they were liberal of their blood when the flag of their country was assailed. The campaign of 1865 was the hottest one ever known in this county. The soldiers had returned and swelled the strength of the Republican party up to a majority. The city, which had witnessed all the horrors of 1863-4, was now again the constant scenes of fights, riots and routs. The Republican politicians walked all over the county and the Democrats walked with equal vigor. It was during this canvass that Capt. Cunningham is reported to have said to a friend, "Come up and help me, they are trying to take my office away from me." The election came off, and the Republicans were successful. They attributed their success to the return of the soldiery, and the Democrats attributed their defeat to the "boiling of sorghum." For two or three days after the election, the Republicans made themselves scarce on the streets. One was seen running through the field when accosted by a friend, told him not to go up town, for the whole Democratic party were on a drunk. It was the first time that the county had ever gone Republican, and the Democrats were concerned about it. Some of them said it was ruined; others threatened to leave it, while one insisted that they had just as well turn the paupers out to feed on wild grapes.

The commissions of the new County Court were mislaid, somehow, so that they were in danger of not getting them in time. They charged the Democrats of suppressing them in the post office, so that the old Court would get to meet once more, and fix the salaries. Jesse Bishop went to Springfield to get the commissions, and he was told that the commissions had been sent long ago. He got certified copies and returned. On the day that Court was to meet, in

stepped the new members with their certified copies, and demanded the offices. They were given up without a word, and the original commissions soon produced. With the exception of this, there has been but one charge of fraud in the elections of this county. That was in 1864. The Republicans accused the Democrats of stuffing the ballot box in Lake Creek Precinct; but I know nothing of the truth of the charge. At the June Term of the County Court, 1864, R. M. Hundley and Arthur Boyle contracted to build the jail for the sum of $9,000, which they built, and Lodge and Spencer painted it, in 1865, for $350.

The campaign of 1868 was carried on grandly in this county, by both parties. Reason was taking the place of violence, and the politicians got down to hard work. The county again went Republican. Since then it has been very near evenly divided. People have laid aside their prejudices to a great extent, and the elections have been conducted as becomes freemen. No man has been whipped for opinion's sake. Sympathetic feelings have sprung up among our people. There is no social or religious ostracism on account of politics, but all work together harmoniously for the common good.

The campaign of 1876, in this county, was one of a vast scene of peace and friendship. The election, though strongly contested passed off without a single ripple of discord to ruffle the political sea.

The defaulters in this county have been as follows:

The first one was R. R. Hendrickson, Sheriff, in 1862, to the amount of $1,643.85; he paid most of it himself, and the rest was collected on his bond. In 1864, W. R. Scurlock, County Superintendent, defaulted in the sum of $750, which was paid by his bondsmen. James Cheneworth, County Treasurer in 1863, was a defaulter to a less amount, which was collected by suit on his bond. In 1875, J. D. F.

Jennings was defaulter, as State's Attorney, of about $900. Suit is now pending on his bond. These were Democrats. In 1872, A. N. Owen, Sheriff, and a Republican, was defaulter in the sum of $5,000. All the county and school part he paid up, but suit is now pending on his bond for the State tax, or part of it.

The county has never adopted township organization, but has twice voted on the question. Once on the petition of G. W. Young in 1873, and once on the petition of James M. Duncan, in 1874. That is an improvement in county government that our people have not yet learned, but the day is not far distant when it will be adopted.

The county has several times funded her non-interest bearing debt.

In 1874 it was funded in fifty-dollar bonds, running for five years, and there was $8,482.40 funded at that time. For the year ending September 1876, the total expenditures of the county were $31,366.79, but this was on account of the criminal trials. The taxes collected for that year were about $17,000. The county ought to be run on $8,000 a year in peaceable times, exclusive of the interest on railroad bonds; but it oftener reaches $10,000 or $12,000.

With this I close the volume, hoping that, that impartiality and correctness with which I have tried to write it, may be accorded to me as a defense against the displeasure of those who find defects and omissions in it. And if it serves to assist any of the people of this great state in forming a correct estimate of the character of our people, and interests the companions of my youthful days, I shall be satisfied.

THE END.

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